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COLUMNIST
ROBERT
ENGLUND
Freddy's alter
ego speaks out

HALLOWEEN
ONSLAUGHT:

THEY LIVE

John Carpenter
on his new alien
invasion flick

WARLOCK



A witch hunt in
present day U.S.

COVER GHOUL
VENGEANCE:
THE DEMON

Pumpkinhead is
reconstructed

HALLOWEEN 4

The return of Michael
Myers— and a
successful formula

FRIGHT NIGHT
PART II

Tommy Lee Wallace
directs
a vampire fest

INTERVIEWS

Donald Pleasance
Roddy McDowell
Jim Wynorski
Richard Fleischer



A full-page photograph of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark. She is reclining on a dark, reflective surface, wearing a black, form-fitting, low-cut dress. Her dark hair is styled in a voluminous, teased manner. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her right arm is raised behind her head, and her left hand rests on the surface near a small, ornate perfume bottle. A pair of black high-heeled shoes is visible in the lower left corner. The background is dark with a large, bright, circular light source, possibly a full moon, and some wispy clouds.

**ELVIRA:
MISTRESS OF
THE DARK**

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—EDITOR'S LETTER—

WHY DO ANOTHER HORROR MAGAZINE?

Go into your video store, drive by any multiplex theater, skim through a major magazine—and it becomes obvious—horror, sci-fi and fantasy films account for a major part of our entertainment needs. The profitability of home video and box office successes (*Beetlejuice*, the *Elm Street* series), means that fortunately, horror entertainment will be plentiful. It also means that there will be much to choose from. That's where we come in—*Horrorfan* will selectively preview upcoming films and recommend worthwhile videos. Our interviews, retrospective features and articles will entertain and inform. Whether you're an old pro (with a closet filled with old issues of *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and *Monster Times*), or an apprentice of the magazine, *Horrorfan* will serve you equally well.

Up until now, the intelligent, sophisticated and demanding reader has only had the hard-to-find, though excellent preview/magazine, *Cinefantastique*. Unfortunately, the wait in between their spectacular double issues is far too long. There is a need for more coverage that would be easily accessible (i.e., available at newsstands). The answer is *Horrorfan*—intelligent, fun, informative and unique.

Mention a horror magazine and immediately many people (mostly cineastes) think only of splatter and gore. Sure, gore has its place in horror, one cannot imagine Romero's *Dead* trilogy without the element of gore, but it takes more than mutilation shots to make a good horror film—and a good magazine. Gore has been mainstream for some fifteen years while horror has lit up the silver screen for some eighty years. *Horrorfan* will not preview a film just because there are a few good shots of long, pointed objects piercing a girl's neck, but because we obtained exclusive, incisive and telling interviews in addition to existing visuals. Our previews will not appear in four consecutive issues, but will be scheduled to coincide with the



films' opening (as best we can, since release dates and titles sometimes change after the magazine goes to press). We have developed a high level of standards and we will adhere to them.

In the publishing world, publishers and editors have long committed the mistake of underestimating the intelligence of their readers by thinking that they will buy the same old recycled hollaballoo over and over again. But, as a result of that,—loyal fans and readers stop being loyal and stop being readers. Never has horror readership been so low. With horror/sci-fi movies and videos generating millions of people, it's just a matter of time until there is a *Pravara*-style, slick, all-color magazine devoted to the genre, but first we have to get the readers back.

The bottom line is that the following pages have to do the talking for themselves and we are making a tremendous effort to put our money where our mouth is. We hope you support us, we care about you and want to hear what you have to say. Write to us at GCR Publishing Group Inc., 888 7th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10106.

Sincerely,

Bruce J. Schoengood

Bruce J. Schoengood
Editor

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WATCH THE SKIES

Films from other galaxies are landing everywhere. *Horrorfan* keeps a close watch on radar—they will be arriving to a theater near you soon.



THE FLY II

The Fly II is the sequel to Brookings' 1986 horror-thriller *The Fly*, the international smash hit which grossed over 80 million dollars during its release. *The Fly* told the story of Seth Brundle, a scientist whose genes are mingled with those of a common housefly during an experiment in matter transmission. Brundle is then helplessly transformed, step by step, into a grotesque mutant.

The Fly II stars Eric Stoltz, acclaimed for his performance in *Meek and Some Kind of Wonderful*, as Martin Brundle, the son of the unfortunate scientist. Daphne Zuniga, who won attention for her starring roles in *Mel Brooks' Spaceballs* and *The Sure Thing*, stars as Beth Logan, a feisty and intelligent computer programmer. Lee Richardson, the veteran stage actor whose motion picture appearances include *Prince's Honor* and *Prince of the City*, stars as Anton Bar-

ton, the ruthless head of Bantock Science Industries. John Gats, who starred in *The Fly* as science magazine editor Kathie Bonars, reprises his role in the sequel.

The Fly II marks the feature film directorial debut of Chris Walas, who won the 1987 Academy Award for best make-up for his work on *The Fly*. Mr. Walas' innovative work has also been seen in *Sadness of the Lost Ark* and *Dreamtime*.

LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM

Ken Russell puts his special touch on this horrific tale of strange discoveries at an excavation in a small North English village. Archaeologists unearth an unusual skull with a bizarre past, present and future.

Set in England's beautiful Peak district, *Lair Of The White Worm* opens as young archaeologist, Angus Flint, unearths the mysterious skull. His ancient

find is stolen by Lady Sylvia March, a snake-like beauty whose venom is worse than her bite. When Angus, his girlfriend and her sister, Eve, are exploring the eerie Stone Rigg Caverns, Eve vanishes. She has become the victim of Lady March, who prepares her to become a human sacrifice to the obscene snake creature.

MILLENNIUM

Kyle Kristofferson is Bill Smith, a top government air crash investigator who comes to accept the possibility of time travel. Cheryl Ladd is Louise Baltimore, a mysterious airline employee who is reality's traveler from the future. In the time-warp adventure/thriller—*Millennium*.

The film begins with the mid-air collision of a 747 and a DC-10. Some unusual events convince investigator Smith that Baltimore indeed comes from a future world. Daniel J. Travanti plays Dr. Arnold Mayer, the

physicist who has been researching time travel for years. Robert Joy's role is that of Sherman, Baltimore's personal guardian in the future.

Millennium is directed by Michael Anderson, Academy Award Winner for *Around The World In Eighty Days* and whose other efforts include, *Logan's Run* and *The Martian Chronicles*.

"COCCON": THE RETURN

Hardly gives the time in real life to take a second look around, in *Cocoon: The Return* a group of senior citizens are offered that chance. An important rescue mission allows the group a brief visit home from the planet Antares—and an opportunity to re-examine their decision to leave Earth forever, which they each resolve in unique and startling ways.

Original *Cocoon* cast members Don Ameche, Wilford Brinley, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gifford, Steve Gutterberg, Barret Oliver, Maureen Regan

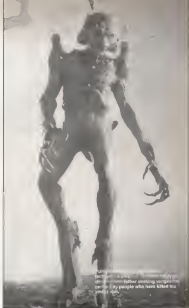
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VENGEANCE: THE DEMON

Director: Stan Winston. **Starring:** Lance Henriksen, Jeff East, John DiAngelo, Kimberly Ross, Joel Woffman and Cynthia Bain

Stan Winston makes his directorial debut with the long-awaited release of *Vengeance: The Demon* (formerly *Pumpkinhead*). Winston (*The Thing*, *The Terminator*) and his special effects team, who do the demon effects, are Academy Award winners for *Aliens*.

The script by Mark Patrick Carducci and Gary Gerini is about a backwoods farmer, Ed Harley (Lance Henriksen) who becomes victim of his own uncontrolled emotions when his son is accidentally killed by a band of bikers. Seeking revenge, he invokes a terrifying demon—Pumpkinhead—to even the score. The creature is considered by most as a myth, but Harley, as a child once saw Pumpkinhead doing what he does best. The resurrected demon brings relentless destruction to those from whom it exacts justice—but there is a price to be paid for summoning such evil. Harley must experience the brutality and agony of each of the demon's victims.



Ed Harley (Lance Henriksen) discovers the terrible kinship between himself and the ghouly demon called Pumpkinhead during a bloody backyard confrontation.



The evil demon, Apple (Florence Lawrence), preys on a lonely bar tender.

HOWLING IV

Director: John Hough. **Starring:** Romy Windor, Michael E. Weiss, Susanne Severeid and Anthony Hamilton.

Next to the Roman Empire, the only thing that declined and fell that fast were the two sequels to the *Howling*. Shall we try one more time. It looks promising, if only because veteran director John Hough (*Twins of Evil*, *Legend of Hellhouse*) is at the helm for the fourth installment in the series.

Maria, a successful, horror-story writer (Romy Windor) is being pressured by Tom, her agent (Anthony Hamilton), to start her next book. Overworked, suffering from hallucinatory spells and emotional breakdowns, Maria gives in to her husband Richard's (Michael Weiss) pleas, allowing him to take her to a cottage in a secluded village for rest and recuperation.

Far from finding peace, she becomes aware of strange howlings during the night. The villagers are an odd and three-mouthed lot. At times she does not know whether she is hallucinating or whether strange events are actually taking place.

Maria meets and befriends a young woman, Sister Janice, a nun on a leave of absence from her convent (Susanne Severeid) who is investigating the mystery surrounding the mysterious death of a fellow nun, who had died insane.

Janice and Maria soon discover that the village is a haven for werewolves, and that all the peculiar villagers suffer from the same curse. They phone Tom who comes to their rescue but before they can escape he is killed by the monsters. Now the girls are trapped, but Sister Janice



comes up with a plan... she offers to sacrifice her life to destroy the Evil, she will lure the werewolves to their ritual by ringing the ancient bell in the village tower. As the beasts gather inside ready to kill Sister Janice, Maria sets a jeep laden with fuel, on fire and lets it career down the slope into the wooden tower. Sister Janice suffers a fiery death to-

gether with all the monsters as the building explodes in a ball of fire. But wait, one burning demon escapes.



SUSANNE SEVEREID AS A NUN



SUSANNE SEVEREID SHARES THE SECRETS OF LIFE (AND DEATH) WITH A GHOSTLY FRIEND

★ HORRORFAN CONTEST ★

Use your imagination and win an authentic horror movie prop!

First prize: the gold cross that Susanne Severeid wore in *Howling IV*

Second prize: free lifetime subscription to *Horrorfan*

As we approach the next decade, we wonder what kind of monster movies will be coming out. In 100 words or less, describe your idea of what the ultimate horror film of the 20s will be.

Send in your response by November 15 to be in the running. Prizes will be published in our next issue.

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WATCH THE SKIES

(Continued from page 8)

pleton, Jessica Tandy, Gwen Verdon and Tabree Welch are joined by Courteney Cox and Elaine Stritch in starring roles.

A Zanuck/Brown Company Production for Twentieth Century Fox, *Cocoon*. The Return is produced by Richard D. Zanuck. David Brown and Lili Fini Zanuck. Daniel Petrie directs from a screenplay written by Stephen McPherson from a story by Stephen McPherson & Elizabeth Bradley.

"WATCHERS"

Two genetically altered life forms have escaped from a top-secret government lab. One, a magnificent golden retriever with astonishing human-like intelligence, escapes to a small Pacific Northwest community. Pursuing the dog is the second experimental creature, a brutally destructive being programmed for violent combat.

Through a series of misadventures a boy, his mother and the dog are placed in unbelievable danger as the creature does its. Together they attempt to outwit not only the menacing beast, but also a third, unknown threatening force in an inevitably violent confrontation.

Corey Haim will star in *Watchers*, a Watchers Production Limited presentation directed by Jon Hess from a screenplay adaptation written by Paul Maggie and produced by Damon Lee and David Mitchell. The film is based on the best-selling suspense novel "Watchers" by Dean R. Koontz.

Canadian-born Haim first received acclaim

for his touching performance as the lead in the film *Lonesome*. Haim has received recognition for his starring role in the horror film *Lost Boys*, directed by Joel Schumacher.

WAX WORK

Six young students pay a midnight visit to a bizarre waxwork museum that has gone up in their neighborhood practically overnight.

An imposing old man invites them on a tour of eighteen horrific displays: lifelike depictions of the eighteen most terrifying creatures who ever lived. Dracula, the Wolfman, zombies, the Mummy, the Marquis de Sade and others. We notice something unusual about six of the displays: no victims.



Susan, who the lonely lady on the left is? It's Elaine. Corey Haim, Peterson poses with Mary Webster (middle) and screen queen Elaine Stritch (right).

Before they know it, several of the students are drawn into the displays, traveling back in time, becoming part of the living, breathing worlds of these creatures. They are terrorized, pursued and finally fall victim to the various creatures. When they do, their life-like forms become part

of the real display forever.

Concerned about the disappearance of several of their friends, Mark and Sarah escape the wax museum and with the help of a wheelchair-bound family friend, Mr. Wilfred, and Inspector Roberts, they uncover the secret of the waxwork: the mysterious owner has a plan to provide a victim for each of the displays. When the final victim is forced inside and killed, the displays will come to life, turning loose the creatures and their living dead.

Mark and Sarah set out to destroy the waxwork, traveling in and out of time, trying to stop the waxwork man's diabolical plan. They nearly succeed, but at the last minute the waxwork manages to claim the final victim, and all the creatures breathe life, beginning the biggest, most horrific battle of all time.



THE DEEP SIX

(working title)

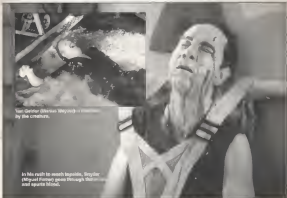
Director: Sean Cunningham
Starring: Tarean Blackett,
 Nancy Everhard, Greg Evigan
 and Miguel Ferrer

Sean Cunningham, the man who made hockey mask horror (*Jason*, his guile) and who also owned a few shares in *Halloween*, now brings us an honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned monster in *The Deep Six*.

The time is the near future. The United States Navy has established a secret undersea laboratory base six miles below the ocean's surface. Deepstar 6. The Navy will finance Dr. John Van Gelder's (Marlon Wevers) pet project of researching undersea colonization—only if he agrees to supervise the installation of their deep-sea missile base. Reluctantly, Van Gelder con-

tinues. Isolated at the bottom of the ocean, a team of scientists are

close to completing their assignment and are anxious to return to the surface. In the last phase of implementing the deep sea missile base, they unexpectedly discover a cavern. Fearing the Navy will shut down his research operation if there are any glitches, Van Gelder explodes the cavern and unleashes a prehistoric creature. When the creature gets inside the flooding laboratory, all hell breaks loose—the staff has only hours to safely escape.



Van Gelder (Marlon Wevers) is thrown by the creature.

In his rush to reach his wife, Ferrer (Miguel Ferrer) goes through the water and spouts blood.

McBride (Greg Evigan) holds wife Collins (Nancy Everhard) as she looks on in terror at the destruction of their colleague.

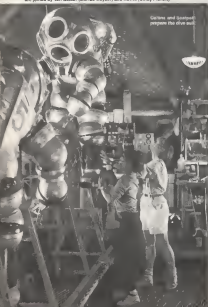


When the creature goes off, McBride (Greg Evigan) takes his wife and young daughter (Nancy Everhard) and Dr. McBride (Greg Evigan) escape the base.





Multitude (Greg Evigan), Collins (Henry Everhart) and Snyder (Miguel Ferrer) prepare the guns and shark darts in the galley for the confrontation with the creature. They are joined by Van Gelder (Markus Weyert) and Niemi (Cindy Pickett).



Collins and Snyder prepare the olive oil.

CROW

At the
top of the
list is the
newest
issue of
the magazine
which is
the only one
to be published
in the United
States.



It is the
only one
to be published
in the United
States.

This is definitely a magazine (120 pages, perfect bound, B&W) that serious horror fans will devour. Publisher/Buffalo Bill Dale Macdonald has put together an impressive no-holds-barred package: intelligent, comprehensive interviews; dozens of reviews and insightful, entertaining articles. The place on Captain Kirk's favorite magazine is ridiculous, laudable and perhaps the most memorable of trip. This stuff is pure. For more information write to Crow Magazine c/o AITRA P.O. Box A Wheaton, New Jersey 07892.

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IN YOUR LIBRARY

The *Twilight Zone Companion* by Marc Scott Zeman is a must have for TZ fans. It's a thorough, fascinating show by show journey covering the 55 years and 156 episodes. Included are Rod Serling's opening and closing narrations—along with complete listings of cast and credits.

Horrorfan's favorite TZ episodes are—

Time Enough At Last
Burgess Meredith

The Big Tall Wish
Joan Dixon

A Ship At Wilcox
James Daly

A Passage For Trumpet
Jack Klugman

King Nine Will Not Return
Rob Cullum

The Bowling Man
John Corcoran

The Trouble With Trampolines
Bruce Abner

Long Distance Call
Dolly May

A Hundred Years Over The Rim
Cliff Robertson

Shadow Play
Deane Carter

Two
Charles Bronson, Elizabeth Montgomery

Person Or Persons Unknown
Richard Long

Little Girl Lost
Charles A. Olson

ROBERT ENGLUND

Freddy Krueger's alter ego speaks out exclusively for *Horrorfan*

I consider myself quite a lucky guy. Freddy came at a very good time in my life and career. I was established, had a good reputation, and had television work

in the palm of my hand. I could enjoy then playing Freddy! without any of the so-called splatters or slurs-and-dice stigmas usually attached. Sometimes I get a little defensive, but I don't want to be an apologist for horror films. I like them and could justify them on many levels, aside from the fact that it's where all the great, young talent is working in Hollywood. For two or three

years as pleasure—it was very gratifying work. Of the fear films, it's not my favorite script in terms of plot, but it probably has the best structure—it was a nice piece of work. I enjoyed working with director Henry Harlin, he brings a European, kind of gonzo camera touch to the movie which provided a great fluidity. I look forward to working together again with Henry, but next time without make-up. Maybe a Vietnam movie or something. It sure would be nice to do a film where I get the girl (and I don't mean by the throat). In my early films, I started out with some great girl flesh. In my first movie, I sexually attacked a girl. In my second, *Stay Hungry*, I had a love scene with Helena Kallikriotes, the back street driver from *Face/First*. And in my third, I had a nude scene with Susan Sarandon. Now, I'm wandering around with adolescent boys and the closest I get to girls is when they throw burning oil on me.

Success has given me the opportunity to stretch my creative

Sometimes I get a little defensive, but I don't want to be an apologist for horror.

wings. 1978—*Evil* was my debut as a director. I am a creative consultant for Freddy's *Nightmare*, a new syndicated television series in which I will also direct and act (in and out of the Freddy character). Directing is definitely what I want to do more of. I think I have a date: a tree film in me—I'd love to direct something like *Monkster*. Speaking of thrillers, I caught a gem called *White Of The Eye*, starring David Keith and Michael Moriarty. A marvelous movie that slipped through the cracks. Catch it! Of course, I love doing horror, especially psychological horror. The only problem is that I am constantly shortchanging my own natural talents with actors, cam

Playing Freddy is starting to take a toll on Robert.

months every year I get to play the most sinister of all movie monsters—Freddy Krueger. It's fun and I have a terrific time. Not doing these films is no cakewalk. *Nightmare 4* was a very rough picture to do. Of all the films in the series, this one had the most special effects. There was so much





Robert got to see Erni Moran in *phile* in *Galaxy of Terror*

position and script because I want to leave enough time to do the effects. Not enough time is spent on other potentially meaty scenes because they are much easier to shoot. I want more time to develop those "ordinary scenes." It could be done by just taking advantage of whatever props are available or whatever symbols are around on location. But hopefully, not to the extent of what that gentleman did, for example with all of those fucking fans in *Angel Heart*.

One of the most popular genre films I have done is *Galaxy of Terror*. The one where the girl was hopped by the giant worm. Even though it was a definite "B" Corman movie, I was working with great talent: Eddie Albert, Erni Moran, Ray Walston and Bernard Behrens. It was a blast. Every day we'd have champagne lunches in our space suits. Across the hall from the actors lounge was the art director's room which was inhabited by Jim Cameron who was nobody yet. Here was this guy working 20 hours a day for peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches. I would go through his trash, get his doodles and designs, and hang them up in the actors' lounge. They were so cool—his illustration talent was great. As with most Corman films there was some great improvisation. We had alien-esque-like sets that were made from plastic milk cartons

and open Whopper boxes. After they were spray-painted, the sets looked so great that a German production company rented them for one day and paid Roger enough money to cover the film's entire art direction budget.

One thing I love about this business is meeting all the stars that I really admire. The first time I met John Saxon, I rushed over and gushed all over him. I LOVED him in *The Apaches* where he was brilliant. That man has eyes that

The first time I met John Saxon, I rushed over and gushed all over him.

enter a room a minute before he does. When I meet someone that I admire, I just go up and vomit all over them. So you see, there is an other side to Freddy Krueger—I call him Robert Englund—actor, director, creative consultant, film buff and as of early October a married man (Freddy doesn't object).



Where is Dexter when you need him? Robert thought *Take Hooper* did a great job in *Enter Alice*

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The oldest and perhaps the most frightening theme in the horror genre, the haunted house, ironically, has never received its proper recognition. *Horrorfan* investigates why.



By Laurence Moulton

Home is supposed to be the place there's no place like—safe, secure, comfortable, the one place you're sure to be protected. How strange, then, to be tucked up tightly in bed, and hear the creak of the shutters, the clatter of thunder and the beating of rain, and—in it possible?—the wail of a lost spirit. No, it's just your imagination. After all, there are no such things as ghosts... or are there?

It is precisely this nightmare,

the ghost in the closet, that makes every child—and some adults—want the light left on at night. On a larger scale, the fear of a spectral intruder goes by another name—the haunted house. The haunted house is one of the most used, and badly battered, genres in print and in film. And it has given us some of the creepiest, barriest and scariest films of all time.

The haunted house as a genre is, like some of the houses the novelist, timeless. But the tradition we

associate with haunted houses seems to have originated in 1764 with the publication of *The Castle of Otranto* by Horace Walpole, a "Gothic" story of family secrets and ghostly interventions. The book was immensely popular and created the genre of Gothic romance and its two main branches. One, the "family secret," the skeleton in the closet, became a mainstay of romantic novels, such as Brontë's *Jane Eyre* and Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*.

The second branch—tales of ghostly interventions, of spirits who walk abroad, tormented by some curse or crime that will not let them rest—is what concerns us here. The greatest master of these tales is Edgar Allan Poe, who followed Walpole's lead but gave his stories a special nameless, growing psychological terror. Other great writers inspired by the genre have been Charles Dickens (in *A Christmas Carol*), Oscar Wilde, Henry James, and in our time, Shirley Jackson and Stephen King. But it was film that gave these elements visual atmosphere and scored certain images in our brain—the old gothic house, the thunderstorm, the cobwebbed staircase and the flickering candle.

For the purposes of this article, haunted houses are defined as evil houses that have some spirit or horror inhabiting them. The Bates Motel and its fellows don't quite count—after all, even homicidal



Mysterious deluge in *The Cat and the Canary*.

had one great film to establish and define it early on: the way *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* did for the vampire and monster film, it has proved surprisingly poetic, giving rise to over fifty films, not to mention innumerable television shows and comic book stories. In

the century, haunted house plays were popular enough to give rise to haunted house spoofs, and ever since there's hardly been a screen comedian who hasn't checked into one for the night. Abbott and Costello, Bob Hope, the Bowery Boys, Red Skelton, Martin and Lewis, Gene Wilder, Bill Murray—even Don Knotts and Rowan and Martin—have all done time among the spooks. Usually, the ghosts in torment turn out to be greedy relatives with their eye on the deed to the house, but these films have been so popular that they form the majority of haunted house films. They have been so pervasive and so influential that the image you have when you close your eyes and think of a haunted house probably comes from a comedy film.

It's not surprising, therefore, that the first important haunted house movie was part thriller, part comedy: *The Cat and the Canary* (1927) is a wonderfully expressive and witty film that sets the tone for the genre in many ways. Based on a Broadway play, the plot concerns a crazy old millionaire who leaves his fortune to a beautiful young woman—if she spends the night in his decrepit mansion without going insane. The woman is threatened among her greedy relatives, and a homicidal lunatic, called the Cat, who has escaped from the local asylum. Paul Leni, the famed German director, is so good at establishing the atmosphere that even though most of the action centers on a Harold Lloyd-like hunkman here, the chill

"An evil old house—the kind some call haunted—is like an undiscovered country waiting to be explored."

maniacs have to live somewhere. Castle Dracula has to be exempted as well, because if you go there, you get what you deserve. You have to move into a haunted house, a house that at least promises the supernatural and, if you're unlucky, delivers the real thing.

Although the genre has never

fact, one of the most remarkable things about haunted house films is, like any other old house, it takes on the character of whomever moves in.

Perhaps the most prolific, and sometimes most annoying, inhabitants of the haunted house have been the comedians. At the turn of



The disturbed rattle screen of the bed.

ing scenes can hold their place against any film of the period. He also establishes the vocabulary of cinematic haunted houses, the billowing curtains, the moving bookcases, the grumping hand, the cobwebbed rooms—even a sinister housekeeper, called, ironically, Mammy Pleasant. You'd never know it was a silent, either. The titles are often animated, including one which wavers, writhelike, on the screen: "Gosh, what a spooky house!" Indeed.

Whatever *Cat and the Canary* leaves out, James Whale (director of the first two Frankenstein movies) provides in *The Old Dark House* (1932). A fierce rainstorm forces five travelers to spend the night in the old dark mansion of the deranged Fenns family. In one of the film's many great shots, the travelers' insistent knocking succeeds in getting the front door to open a-o-wy, revealing the craggy, brutish face of Boris Karloff, as the family's savage, mute butler. One of Karloff's tasks, when he's not getting drunk and trying to rape the shapeless guest, is to care for the family's resident pyromaniac, who is kept locked in the attic. Although the film shows Whale's limited wit at its best, it's clear that these Fenns are fatal. Besides Karloff (the film opens with a credit explaining that, yes, indeed, this IS the same Karloff), the cast includes a young Charles Laughton and Ernest Thesiger, in a dry run for his performance as Dr. Frankenstein in *Bride of Frankenstein*.



Oliver Reed and Karen Black have comic conversations in *Burnt Offerings*

ston. And if the Fenns remind you of the Addams Family, that's OK, too—they are the inspiration.

Neither *Cat nor Old Dark House* display any explicit supernaturalism, yet they are both archetypal in setting up the conventions of the genre—the place, the mood, the settings. Oddly, it took twelve years

for the next serious supernatural film to appear. Haunted house movies were not boosted by the success of monster movies in the thirties. Perhaps because they permitted no great starring roles for the likes of Karloff or Lugosi, perhaps because pre-war America wanted its monsters from Europe, rather than from home, they quickly gave way completely to the horror spoof, just as the Universal monsters eventually did.

Not all these comedies were worthless. The 1939 remake of *The Cat and the Canary*, starring Bob Hope, is a very credible, though atmosphere-lack, version of the story. It has a very scary climax and, as far as I know, the first appearance of the painted portrait with human eyes moving behind it. Hope is terrific as a radio star who keeps being reminded by the spooky events of old murder mysteries he's appeared in. One frightened relative asks of "great big empty houses" across him: "Not me," he retorts, "I used to be in vaudeville."

George C. Scott in *The Changeling*





Above left: Jack Nicholson, has over a better day. Above right: Director Stanley Kubrick (left) on the set of *The Shining*.



When Hollywood's first supernatural haunted house movie debuted in 1944, it was a heart Lewis Allen's *The Uninvited* is more of a gothic romance and it clearly takes its cue from Hitchcock's *Saboteur* from four years earlier. Ray Milland and Ruth Warrick play a brother and sister (the

other serious haunted house picture was made for the next four teen years. Perhaps because prefabricated horror films started replacing old-fashioned ones, just as prefabricated houses were springing up throughout the country. Perhaps because the more popular science-fiction movies had ph

In its mad rush to accommodate its new satanic tenants, Hollywood forgot how much of a haunted house movie's personality comes from the personality of the haunter.

name is Roderick, by the way, just like in the Usher family) who purchase a deserted but beautiful house on a cliff in Cornwall. There are strange things—curses in the night, deathly cold spots in the house, sickly sweet smells—and gradually the house draws in a local girl, who had been born there. The film is almost a mystery, as the crew (led by Alan Napier, later Batman's butler, Alfred) tries to research the house's past to find a clue to the identity of the warring spirits in the house and why they seem to want to claim the young girl. The film has a countercommercial, almost jolly, air to it which tends to increase the reality, and subsequently, the terror. It is a classic of the genre, sensual, elegant, evocative. It was so evocative, in fact, that it was filmed without any ectoplasmic ghosts, but the studio chickened out and had transparent wallopy women superimposed on the print. It doesn't need them. It has a great cast, great script, great score, and the best closing line in a haunted house film. But to give that away would be to give away the plot.

It is difficult to explain why so

many difficulties adapting to a haunted house theme. I suspect it may have had something to do with the cozy feeling of the *Rosenbergs* years. As the science-fiction movies proved, the aliens were out there, in some strange world. There was nothing wrong at home. That fear would come later.

William Castle's *House on Haunted Hill* (1959) may have gained its reputation solely because it was the first haunted house movie that an entire generation had seen. It has little else to commend it, and today's children have better movies to cut their fangs on. Castle used the haunted house merely as vehicle for his most recent gimmick, "Emergo," a flying skeleton in the theatre. In a film which owes more to half-hour TV thrillers than its cinematic predecessors, Vincent Price plays a vindictive millionaire who lures five people to a haunted house, promising them fortunes if they'll stay the night. Price has little to do in the film, except to offer the guests "Good—and drink—and GH0818?" Much more interesting is Elisha Cook, Jr., the guest from *The Maltese Falcon*, as a haunted drunkard who introduces the film as a floating head.

The studios brought haunted houses a host of more reliable tenants, occupants determined not to leave until a good scare was had by all. First among these was Roger Corman, who began his fabled series of Edgar Allan Poe adaptations with a highly intelligent version of *The Fall of the House of Usher*, with a screenplay by Richard Matheson. *House of Usher* also features an excellent performance by Price as the neurotic theme.

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Vincent Price has several tricks up his sleeve in *The House on Haunted Hill*.

WARLOCK

Seventeenth century warlock wreaks havoc in present-day Los Angeles

By Kyle Counts

Warlock—the man and the movie—is coming this Winter to a theater near you. New World Pictures has pushed back the release date of the ten-million-dollar supernatural action-thriller from October to February. Directed by Steve Miner from an original screenplay by D.T. Twohy (*Critters II*), the film stars Lori Singer, Julian Sands, Richard Grant and Mary Woronov. Optical effects are by Perpetual Motion, with Carl Fullerton handling special make-up. The score is by Jerry Goldsmith.

Miner has come a long way since his days as assistant editor on Wes Craven's *Last House on the Left*. After making a *Bad News Bears*-style comedy called *How Come the Tigers* (also known as *Manny's Ophelia*) with Sean Cunningham, both men's careers took a dramatic turn, when they joined forces for a little slice-and-dice thriller called *Friday the 13th*, with Cunningham producing and directing, and Miner line producing.

Miner made the transition to directing with the first two sequels to *Friday*, *Part 2* and *3* (the latter in 3-D), little realizing that the films would go on to become the most profitable horror movie series of all time. He did *House*, he said, to get away from the *Friday* stigma and retry his hand at comedy. That was followed by another comedy—one with less horrific overtones—called *Soul Man*. In between came two pilots for television: *B-Men*, about teenage bounty hunters, and *The Wonder Years*, which will return to ABC this fall as a regular series. Warlock is Miner's first feature since *Soul Man*.

Miner's involvement with Warlock, which shot for 13 weeks in the Mojave Desert, Los Angeles, Santa Paula (near Santa Barbara, north of Los Angeles) and a secret location in Massachusetts (for the prologue), began when he read Twohy's script. "I had been working on a couple of different projects that, for various reasons, had stalled," said the director from his



Warlock (Julian Sands) delights in devising an appropriate death for each of his victims.

office in Santa Monica, California. "New World, for whom I had done *Soul Man* and *House* sent me the script. I thought David's first draft was very good. It intrigued me because it was, like *House*, a mixed-genre piece, interweaving comedy, suspense and action. Good scripts are very hard to come by, so I said okay.

"We went through a rewrite of the script before going ahead with the production," Miner went on. "I felt that the first 30 pages were just about ready to shoot, but the third act didn't work as well. I had an

idea or two that David (Twohy) responded to really well—it was my intention to continue with the original writer—and he came up with some new ideas of his own."

The story concerns a seventeenth century witch hunter, Giles Bedferne (Richard Grant of *Wuthering* and *B*), who pursues a treacherous Warlock (A Room with a View's Julian Sands) into present-day Los Angeles. The Devil has sent the Warlock to collect the three pieces of the Grand Grimoire—the bible of black magic—which, after several centuries, has finally been removed from hallowed church ground. During his search-and-destroy mission, Bedferne hooks up with a waitress named Cassandra (played by Lori Singer), who is also eager to catch up with the Warlock, who put a curse on her charm bracelet that causes her to age 20 years every day. If she doesn't get to him quickly, she'll die—unnaturally—of old age.

In trying to avoid the trap of doing "another bad-witch story," Twohy originally tried to make the



Giles Bedferne (Richard Grant) is prepared to follow the warlock into hell itself.

title character sympathetic. "I struggled for weeks with that approach," said the California native, who graduated from California State at Long Beach with a degree in film. "It was only when I reversed things, and made Giles



Warlock's stamps on the shattered remains of a peyote (Jeffrey Minter) who was inhabited by Satan and then possessed.



The warlock cuts off the finger of an antique dealer to obtain a ring he desires.

down the past. But once he met Grant in London, he knew he was better suited to play Giles Redferne, "even though physically he's probably more like the warlock than Julian."

Warlock begins in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1691. The warlock is being held in a cell at the top of a circular stone tower. He is shackled in thumb locks, a device that attaches his thumbs to his large toes. This causes his magic to circle back on itself and renders him harmless. As punishment for his trafficking with the Devil, he is to be burned atop a basket of living rats. Present to witness the execution is Giles Redferne, a widower whose wife was killed by the Warlock.

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The warlock has some better days as Giles gets the best of him.



the protagonist and the Warlock the heavy, everything started to fall into place. Thanks to the casting, for the first 15 minutes of the film I think it'll be somewhat ambiguous as to which character is the good guy or bad guy."

"I wanted to go against type in casting the warlock," said Miner. "Julian is romantic, he's attractive and he's exiling in a dangerous way. I didn't want to go with a sharp-featured, dark-haired, scary-looking guy; I thought it would be far more effective if we had a matinee idol-looking type playing the lead."

Initially, Miner had considered Richard Grant as a backup for the warlock, in case Sands turned

Kenneth (Liam Neeson), cursed by the warlock ages 20 years every day.





For the *Beats*, set in a graveyard, Carl Faldutson devised a complex series of makeup for the women's fiery death.

JIM WYNORSKI

If you have 23 dollars and two days to shoot a movie—a problem, just call Jim Wynorski, a Roger Corman protégé and newly crowned King of the B's.

By Bill George

Corporate studios have sunk between \$25 million and \$40 million into fantasy "epics" that are visually resplendent but internally handicapped. These vanity productions founder at the box office as the public tires of hefty boxes, narratives that idle to stilt special effects, and stories that deliver "messages" with funereal sobriety. The boys in the ivory towers could learn a thing or two from Jim Wynorski. True, Wynorski is obligated to trim budgets, but he doesn't economize on action, eccentric characters, female pulchritude, and unrestrained exhilaration. As producer, director, and screenwriter, Wynorski triumphs with his concept of the modern "drive-in" movie; his work is unpretentious entertainment, never dull, condensing, or mean-spirited. As a filmmaker, Wynorski credits his apprenticeship to Roger Corman and, like his mentor, has aptly demonstrated "brilliance on a budget." In the event that increased budgets prompt an expanded capacity for manifesting experience on screen (as evinced in Corman's Fox movie, *The Return Of Swamp Thing*), Wynorski's talent and most expensive production to date, may turn out to be the most brilliant film in his career.

Credits, as Director, include *The Lost Empire* (1988), *Chopping Man* (aka *KIM-Boss*, 1986), *Deathstalker II* (1987), *Big Bad Mama II* (1987), *Not of This Earth* (1988), *Swamp Thing II* (1988)....

HF: How did you meet Corman?

JW: I first became involved with Roger in 1979 when I had come out to see his wife, Julie Corman, about doing a film based on a script written by myself and R.J. Robertson, entitled *Mutant*. Julie wasn't interested in the project, but she saw some potential in the writing and spoke to Roger about it. Roger called me into his office and, fol-



Dick Miller doesn't last long in *Chopping Mail*.

lowing minutes later, I was his advertising director, a position formerly held by notables like Joe Dante and Allan Arkush. I then started designing New World's posters, pressbooks, newspaper ads, and radio and television spots. That led to some serious film editing, and finally I started writing, directing and line-producing.

HF: That's quite an education.

JW: I learned everything from working with Roger Corman. He's one of the all-time great hands-on teachers in Hollywood. You could go to film school for years and not learn as much as you can in six months with Roger. You work seven days a week, twelve hours a day! They can teach you a lot in class, but they can't teach you how you put Debbie Coker into doing a job that takes three days in only three hours, or how to edit with precision timing and pacing. Those are the things only Roger can teach you!

HF: Did *Mutant* eventually evolve into *Forbidden World* (1982)?

JW: Good chance of verbal! We had

just shot *Galaxy of Terror* and Roger had all these mammoth sets left over, so he said, "What can we do with these before we tear them down?" I slyly said, "Roger, how about this old script?" He took it into the "reading room," came out ten minutes later, and a monster was born, so to speak. It was made under the title of *Mutant*, but it didn't fare well under that title, so we pulled back the prints and changed the name to *Forbidden World*. It did very well under that monster. Last year, Film Ventures tried to release a different movie called *Mutant*, but, they too, had to pull it out of release and change the title. I guess that word doesn't attract an audience.



HF: Who is responsible for the new legendary scene in which Tiafée O'Connell is raped by a giant maggot in *Galaxy Of Terror*?

JW: *Galaxy of Terror*, originally called *Planet of Horrors*, was written and directed by Bruce Clark, or R.D. Clark, who worked on one of Roger's motorcycle films in the early New World days. I believe Marc Singer was also involved in the writing. Of course, everything at New World was—and is—a collaborative effort. Roger always asks for opinions, suggestions, helpful hints and scene ideas. The maggot sequence, which involved a full-size foam rubber worm and actress Tiafée O'Connell, was shot over a two-day period. Bruce



Evolution Of An Ad Campaign: *Galaxy Of Terror* was originally titled *Melancholy*. An *Affair Of Terror* and *Planet Of Horrors*.

Clark, who shot the leadup to the scene, did some nice atmospheric work with Thelma. But when Roger saw dailies on it, he still wasn't satisfied. So Roger went on to do his own little version of the attack. He kept yelling, "more goo, more goo," until not only Thelma, but the meggot, the cameraman, the sound man, and everybody in close approximate range was covered with cellulose. When that scene was cut into the film, it got a standing ovation at the preview in San Francisco.

HF: Were you involved in the production of *The Slumber Party Massacre* (1982)?

JW: Yes, I was. That flick was written by Rita Mae Brown, the feminist writer, and directed by the

ultra-talented Amy Jones, who first worked with Joe Dante and Allan Arkush on editing *Hollywood Boulevard*. What I did mainly for *Slumber Party Massacre* was create the wild ad campaign. We had a lot of problems with it, mainly because of the lurid title. I consider it my most outlandish ad design for New World. It was my own song, actually, one of the last things I did before I left the advertising department. The film was made on a very low budget, about \$210 thousand, yet it looks quite slick. Since Roger didn't have enough money to pay for artwork, I got four very nice girls, put 'em together at a photographer's studio and out of that session came the poster. We had a lot of problems be-

cause of the drill being in a certain place. The Motion Picture Association of America didn't want to have the obvious implication that [the drill] was the man's appendage hanging down. They made us move the drill to the side of the killer's leg, but the audience still got the point, so to speak.

HF: Was *Sorcerer* (1982) your debut as film director?

JW: The film was directed by noted film veteran, Jack Hill. Because of contractual and credential differences, he got the producing credit instead.

HF: Who was finally credited with directing the picture?

JW: We took the middle names of Roger's kids and that's who got the directing credit...a mythical fellow named Brian Stuart.

HF: What inspired the making of *Sorcerer*?

JW: Dino DeLaurentiis had scored with *Conan the Barbarian* and then *The Sword and The Sorcerer* made a ton of money. Corman said, "We have to have one right away." This was Wednesday afternoon so he added, "Why don't you go home, take the next couple days off, use the weekend and come in with something on Monday." I said, "Roger, that's not a lot of time." He says, "Well, I think you can do it." So I did! The film had some nice, funny moments. One of my all time classic ideas came to me in the shower. I figured, "What if these girls are telepathic and while one girl is locked in a love embrace at the castle, the other

Three Lords turns heads in *Net of This Death*.





Slime runs amok in *Forbidden World*.

girl could be out in the forest experiencing the same kind of pleasure... then cut back and forth between the two. It was one of those funky sequences I thought turned out really kind of fun. The thing I enjoy most in this kind of picture is entertaining people.

HF: What happened to your "lost" picture, *The Last Emperor*?

JW: That picture sporadically appeared in various parts of the country, and scheduled to play off in the winter and spring of '85. It [was released] on video in April/May 1985 through Vestron, and then appeared on cable. Since I was kind of on odds with the financial people behind the picture, it did not get the distribution I hoped it would. It's unfortunate, because I think it's one of my better pictures. Luckily, cable and cassette [got] the footage to the right people.

HF: What is the film about?

JW: It's sort of a Russ Meyer meets Sam Peckinpah meets Robert E. Howard on a lost prehistoric island. A fantastic-looking lady cop (Melanie Lynskey) must go to the lost empire to avenge her brother, who was killed by the nefarious Dr. Sisko (Angus Scrimm). He needs a certain jewel which she, unknowingly, has in her purse. She recruits the aid of an Indian girl, played by Raven De La Cruz, and a beautiful prison inmate portrayed by Angela Aames. The film is a total send-up of women-in-prison movies, *Dirty Harry* movies, James Bond, Republic serials, Conan-type flicks, and everything else that's ever been popular.

HF: Why do some of the independents prefer imitation—rather than risk fresher ideas?

JW: Mainly because it's not the creative people that control the purse strings, it's the managers. The financial people are usually

I always had it in my mind to remake one of Roger's pictures in exactly the same amount of time that Roger took, and make it as good as I could in that time.

very unwilling to take creative risks. Someone who, let's say, makes *Psycho II* just for an example, knows that a certain number of people are going to come see *Psycho II* no matter what. So he knows that he's going to be guaranteed a certain profit percentage. That's why people always imitate rather than initiate. They won't make nearly as much money as the film they copy, but they stand to make a good profit, nonetheless. It's the person who puts up the money for the tenth or eleventh version or variation who probably won't

make too much money.

HF: Will the decline of the drive-in theatre affect the independent filmmaker?

JW: In some ways, I look at cassette as being the new drive-in. You can make as much money off a worldwide cassette sale as you can off a drive-in theatrical run. Even more, because you don't have to worry about prints and advertising. You make just one sale to one of the video companies and you've already earned what you would have grossed theatrically on the

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THE RETURN OF SWAMP THING

Eight more mayhem in the marsh when *The Return of Swamp Thing* makes its debut in Spring '89. Jim Wynorski helms a cast that includes Luke Jordan (reprising his *Swamp Thing* role), Heather Locklear, Sarah Douglas, and Marique Gabriela. *Swamp Thing* (1982) teled out with the estimable title character victorious in a showdown with Dr. Arbane. The sequel greets the opponents back for a rematch. *Slam* in the first installment, Dr. Arbane (Jordan) is resurrected, cloned, and "more evil than ever." The doctor, obsessed with achieving immortality, intends to "take a combination of genes from his wailing step-daughter and *Swamp Thing*'s genes." The step-daughter (Locklear), trying to determine the fate of her mother, learns that Mom was a casualty of a similar experiment.

Reflecting on the production, which was wrapped in 28 days, Wynorski comments that "I think *Swamp Thing* had some very nice nice moments, and [director] Wes Craven did a very nice job... I think when people see [the sequel], they'll see a different side of *Swamp Thing*. Number one, the costume is completely different. *Swamp Thing* also does a lot of things this picture that he never did in the first one. For instance, he is shot with hundreds of rounds of bullets and turned into swamp mud, which sinks underneath the water. You think he is dead, but he assembles again—sort of—and slugs through some drain pipes and comes up through the laundromat Dr. Arbane's mansion. Someone is taking a bath and, suddenly, green water comes out and reforms as *Swamp Thing*." Produced for "close to



Left and right, *Swamp Thing* (Jordan) and Darryl (Daniel Tapia) submerge from director Jim Wynorski, editor, in the swamp.

ten times" the (\$400,000) budget of *Swamp Thing*, the movie was embellished with an expanded scale for its cosmetic and pyrotechnic effects—as an example, about 17-18 cars are demolished during a duel between *Swamp Thing* and "a mutated leech creature." *Swamp Thing*'s welcome comeback is enhanced by Wynorski's appreciation of the character's comic book origins and the potential for humor and action. But one burning question remains: the beauty (Adrienne Barbeau) and the "best" of the '82 release developed a platonic relationship. Does *Swamp Thing* get a little more physical with the Heather Locklear character in the sequel? "She has a love scene with him," answered Wynorski, "and they get engaged at the end of the movie." With that settled, Wynorski is currently preparing *The Beastmaster*—Param's production, in addition to a fantasy film that will taplin Burl Reynolds.

THEY LIVE

Through the eyes of the homeless—and John Carpenter—we witness alien invasion, subliminal control, the deterioration of (capitalistic) America and possibly the world.

By Kyle Counts



John Carpenter oversees final make-up touches on an invader.

It's lunchtime, and John Carpenter is finishing off a plate of eggs and fries at the Formosa Cafe, located across the street from the Warner Hollywood Studios, where he is completing postproduction work on his latest film, *They Live*, a thriller about subliminal seduction. The waitress brings his hill-along with a complimentary fortune cookie.

(The cafe specializes in Chinese food, or so the sign outside says.) He reads it aloud, the Kentucky drawl in his voice readily apparent. "A tasty partner can help you in your effort to get ahead."

The fortune might have been referring to Shep Gordon, co-chairman of Alive Films and Executive Producer (with Andre Blay) of *They Live*. After making several costly fantasy films, Carpenter returned to his low-budget roots last year with *Prince of Darkness*, the first of his four-picture deal with Alive Films (with Universal dis-

tributing). His painful experience with 20th Century Fox on *Big Trouble in Little China* convinced him that it was time to take a break from corporate moviemaking. "It comes down to the way people are treated," Carpenter said, lighting a post-meal cigarette. "I won't go into the details other than to say there was a lot of rudeness involved. I said to myself, I'm too old for this." A situation arose where he was offered the chance to make his own films, his own way, with complete creative control. So off he went.

They Live, written by first-time screenwriter Frank Armitage with Carpenter's input, examines our nation's homeless as it comments on the influential role the mass media plays in our lives. As Carpenter put it, "It's about the Reagan revolution being controlled by aliens from another world—free enterprises from beyond space. It comes from a short story written in 1963 called 'Eight O'clock in the Morning,' by E. Ray Nelson, about a guy who's hypnotized on stage by a rightish hypnotist. The hypnotist commands him to wake up, and when he does,

he sees that among the human race are these creatures who've been controlling us all along. Everybody's sleepwalking through life—they're hypnotized. To the people who are asleep, these creatures look human. But there's an underworld beneath it all."

Carpenter added a twist to the story line: special glasses that, when worn, expose subliminal messages in printed matter and

"It's about the Reagan revolution being controlled by aliens from another world—free enterprises from beyond space."

filter out the aliens' signal so the wearer can see the real world—including any nonhuman lifeforms. "The real world is black-and-white and the hypnotized world is in color," Carpenter explained. "Basically, the aliens have colored us, like Ted Turner colorizes movie classics."

Further, printed matter—in the form of menus, newspapers, billboards and the like—disappears when a character puts on the glasses, which look like ordinary sunglasses and are, in fact, scientifically formulated using the principle of polarized lenses. "What you see instead are subliminal messages," Carpenter continued. "Slogans like 'Obey,' 'Consume,' 'Watch television,' 'Do not question authority.' Ours has become a controlled society; people are being hypnotized by signals through their television sets, even when the set is turned off. Earth is the aliens' Third World; they're making tons of money off our natural resources, and they'll probably move on when they're finished trashing our environment. Slowly but surely Earth is becoming a slave planet."

In the film, John Nada (former pro wrestler Rocky Popo, making his debut as a dramatic lead), destitute and forced to live on the streets, arrives in Los Angeles in search of employment. He finds a



temporary job at a downtown construction site and befriends a displaced factory worker from Detroit named Frank (played by Keith David of *The Thing*). Frank introduces him to Justiceville, a shantytown community where the city's homeless have set up residence. At once John becomes curious about the old church situated directly across the street; to the casual observer it would appear to be the headquarters of the organization that runs the encampment, but the curious comings and goings and ever-present police surveillance in-

It's no place of mine to start a revolution.



John Suter (Buddy Eppert) and Frank (Keith David) join the underground movement to fight against the alien invasion.



dicates that something more than paper work is going on inside. Both men soon find themselves part of a growing underground movement dedicated to stopping an alien invasion that has already infected the upper class. Mag Foster (seen in last year's *Masters of the Universe*) co-stars as Hallie, a woman who works at the radio station that is the point of origin of the aliens' signal. Peter Jason (*Prince of Darkness*) is Gilbert, Justiceville's "main cop and handyman" and a prison force behind the anti-ghost underground. The film also features Buck Flower (*Starman*) and Raymond St. Jacques as a blind street preacher who sides with the revolutionaries. *Continued on page 62*

Special glasses when worn, expose subliminal messages and mantraman creations.

HALLOWEEN IV

THE RETURN OF MICHAEL MYERS



HALLOWEEN IV

THE RETURN OF MICHAEL MYERS



It's been seven years since Michael Myers has stalked and slashed his way across the screen, and in that time numerous imitations have come and gone. "Halloween is still the father of them all," said Moustapha Akkad, Executive Producer of the entire series. "The original, directed by John Carpenter and released in 1978, became a smash, taking in some \$60,000,000 worldwide, and led to a 1981 sequel. Two years after that, *Halloween III: Season Of The Witch* came out and was similar in title only. The Michael Myers storyline was abandoned in what Akkad says was "a mistake". "We thought people might want to see something dif-

For the past decade, Michael has laid comatose in a Federal institution for the criminally insane.

ferent than the first two. We were wrong. It was a crazy decision." Now it's safe to say (or unsafe if you're one of the characters) that Michael Myers has returned home to Haddonfield, Illinois. *Halloween IV: The Return Of Michael Myers* (due to) hit the screens in late October, rekindling a wave of horror and suspense that's often been imitated, but never equaled.

Whereas *Halloween II* picked up on the exact same night that the first one ended, *IV* jumps forward ten years. Gone is the Jamie Lee Curtis character of Laurie, the tormented babysitter of the first two films. It's explained that she's been killed in a car wreck, leaving only her nine-year-old daughter Jamie Lloyd as the sole blood relative alive from the Myers clan. Of course that's good enough for old Mikey, who had survived the huge explosion at the end of *II*. For the past decade, Michael has laid com-

As Laurie, *Halloween IV* introduces us to the young girl and mother of the original Laurie. Michael Myers.

It's been seven years since Michael Myers has stalked and slashed his way across the screen, and in that time numerous imitations have come and gone. "Halloween is still the father of them all," said Moustapha Akkad, Executive Producer of the entire series. "The original, directed by John Carpenter and released in 1978, became a smash, taking in some 460,000,000 world-wide, and led to a 1981 sequel. Two years after that, *Halloween III: Season Of The Witch* came out and was smaller in title only. The Michael Myers storyline was abandoned in what Akkad says was "a mistake." "We thought people might want to see something dif-

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ferent than the first two. We were wrong. It was a crazy decision."

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The *Halloween* franchise spawned a host of horror films and television series, but only *Halloween IV* has returned to the original Michael Myers.



Jamie Lloyd (Danielle Harris) doesn't know what evil awaits her.

stage in a Federal institution for the criminally insane. Lying in a bed, swathed in bandages and with numerous I.V. tubes hanging from his arms, you know it's only a matter of time before he goes on a murderous rampage again.

Bureaucratic procedures have made it necessary for Myers to be transferred to a State facility. The sleeping evil is about to awake. Despite plans to notify Dr. Loomis, (a role reprised by a now-scarred and limping Donald Pleasence), Michael Myers is sent off under security to the State Hospital. The transfer occurs, appropriately enough, on the night before Halloween—a fact not lost on the brats Loomis, who finally finds out about the transfer.

Knowing the pure evil that he's dealing with, Loomis demands to find out the whereabouts of the van transporting Myers. Strangely enough, the van is two hours overdue. In hot pursuit, Loomis comes upon the scene of a crash and discovers the wrecked transport van. All of the attendants inside have been butchered. Amidst the brutal scene, someone is missing—Michael Myers.

Realizing Michael's penchant for the citizens of his hometown, Loomis knows where his chase must lead. Along the way he finds more bloody results of Myers' mauling: the slaughter of everyone at a roadside diner and filling station. This time, however, Loomis also finds his quarry. He sees Myers and offers to exchange his life for potential future victims, but there's just no bargaining with

a cold-blooded killing machine. Myers flees, but not before torching the gas station. The chase continues.

Meanwhile, in Haddonfield we're introduced to the last link to Michael Myers, young Jamie Lloyd (Danielle Harris). Along with her foster sister Rachel (Elle Cornell), she plans to go out truck-or-treating that night, unaware of the terror that awaits.

Loomis finally reaches Haddonfield and wastes no time in alerting the local police about the escape of the town's most notorious citizen. Police Chief Meeker (Burt Starr) remembers what kind of party Michael threw at his last

fantastic script. We sent it to Debra Hill, one of the original producers, and she said, "That's the greatest script I've read out of the hundreds I've seen." The film was shot for \$5.4 million dollars, quite a lot more than the original's paltry \$300,000 budget.

"We spent four or five years begging," said Akkad. "John Carpenter, Debra Hill, Irwin Yablans and myself couldn't agree on what to do. On top of that, they had all gone on to other successes, making things just that much more complicated. They had the interest in doing another Halloween, but not the time. Ultimately, I bought them all out. It was my decision to bring



Halloween appearance ten years earlier, and immediately announces a curfew over the TV and radio. Together with Loomis, they go to Jamie's house, only to find out she's already left. The town, meanwhile, is thrown into confusion over the curfew, and then into total darkness, as Michael smacks out the power by short-circuiting a worker on a high tension electrode in the local power plant.

Loomis and Meeker are finally able to find Jamie and Rachel, taking them to Meeker's house, where they think they'll be safe. Of course, Michael Myers has other plans, joining them in the house as an unwanted guest. The evening's just begun...

"We had so many scripts for another Halloween sent to us," said Akkad. "There were so many stories pitched to us. Nothing worked. The director, Dwight Little, recommended Alan B. McElroy to do the rewrite, and he came out with a

heck Michael Myers, and go back to the style of the first one, using pure suspense instead of the gore (and blood) that both sequels had. I refused to use gore in this one, Akkad steadfastly admits. "I really put my foot down. The audience may expect it, but with this film they'll not have time to think about it because they'll be am-

Jamie Lloyd (Danielle Harris) prepares for a night of innocent trick-or-treating, unaware of the return of Michael Myers.



tionally involved with the little girl."

With some \$200,000,000 million having been paid worldwide to see the three *Halloween* films, it's clear that this is the most successful horror series ever. Had Akkad any idea it would ever be this big? "Absolutely not. It was a stroke of luck and the credit goes to John Carpenter and Debra Hill; they are

the ones who created it. It was beyond my wildest imagination that things would succeed this way."

It seems inevitable that like all great screen insiders, you can't keep a good killer down. Jason's just had his seventh installment, and Freddy has nailed down number four. With Michael Myers turning in his third appearance, can *Halloween V* be far behind? How

far can your average man stand down go? "I'll go as far as the audience lets me. Believe me, they'll let me know when they've had enough." Said Akkad with a smile. "I'm trying to re-establish *Halloween* because my eye is on doing a five, six and seven. *Banquet*, in the newest film, Michael is after his niece for a reason. Why? That's for the next episode." □

- Talking horror with Donald Pleasence -

It's ironic that a classically trained actor such as Donald Pleasence who's worked with the likes of Olivier, De Niro, and Richard Burton—to name a few—would come to be known to a new generation, as a horror-film star. The British-born actor, whose career covers nearly 40 years, has become probably the preeminent star of the genre, starring in the last decade alone in some dozen films in the sci-fi/horror vein, including *Crepuscule*, *Specters*, *Escape From New York*, *Power Of Darkness*, and most notably as Dr. Loomis in *Halloween* and *Halloween II*. Reprising his role in *Halloween II*, Pleasence finds himself again the search for Michael Myers, the escaped incarnation of evil.

Of course, Pleasence's body of work covers much more than the horror genre, having starred in some of the biggest and best films of the past 30 years, including *The Great Escape*, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, and as James Bond's nemesis Blofeld in *His Only Love* *Tears*.

A quiet, soft-spoken man, Pleasence seems genuinely amazed that with all his movie work, it's the scary films that he's most easily identified with. As he notes, however, a working actor is a working actor, and whatever form success comes in, so be it.

HORROR **PA:** Do you yourself have any special affinity for horror films? **Donald Pleasence:** No. It's the money. I think I'm an actor and it just happens that most of what I'm doing today is a horror film. So what am I supposed to do—not work?

MF: Many of your parts cast you in the villain role. Is it a part you relish?

DP: (Laughs) Well, I'm hardly played only right for the bad guys, now am I?

MF: What was the process for you doing *Halloween IV*? Had you planned on doing any after the original?



DP: At the end of the first *Halloween* when I shot 8 bullets into Michael Myers, John Carpenter said let's get a shot of you looking out of the window and seeing no one (yelling there I said, "Who's that?" and he said, "would you believe *Halloween IV*?" Well, no one had thought of that at that time, and it certainly never occurred to me that there would be a sequel. In *Halloween II* I was blown up at the end and I didn't think I'd ever be coming back, but the producers found a way. So now I've done *Halloween IV* with a lump and a scar down the side of my face.

MF: Why was the Midwest decided on as the place to set the story?

DP: Because it makes a rather average town ripe for a frightening story. Rather than setting it somewhere you'd expect horrible things to happen, such as New Orleans with its association with bogymen and demons, a small, quiet town is much more effective. You just don't anticipate any thing had happening there.

MF: What do you attribute the success of the *Halloween* series to?

DP: The first film was very well made, so the series got off to a strong start. The second one was also well made. (The third one I didn't like it as well as the first one. The third one had nothing to do with the series at all and perhaps shouldn't have been made at all. It interrupted the narrative.)

MF: How do you feel about going in films?

DP: I don't like it. I believe you can frighten people without showing their heads covered.

MF: How have the directors you've worked with felt about you?

DP: Carpenter feels the same as I do, whereas Dario Argento, for example, likes it quite a lot. He likes bugs and things like that, he's a nervous sort of guy. He makes good, technically proficient films, but I prefer Carpenter's approach.

MF: What's the difference you've found between the European and American approach to horror?

DP: That's really very difficult to answer. Carpenter is my favorite director, because we get on very well and we both have an over-developed sense of humor. European directors, especially Italian ones, tend to shoot. They know precisely what they want to do and have everything storyboarded and mapped out. I guess I'm the sort of actor who doesn't like that as much as having some kind of conference with the director and talk about what we're going to do. Continental directors, as opposed to British and American, also tend to be somewhat high-handed in their approach.

MF: Are people scared at all when they meet you?

DP: If they're scared or intimidated, I hope it's because I've been around for such a long time. Really, I'm a very unthreatening person.

MF: Is Michael Myers to be taken as a real character, or as some sort of unbreakable monster?

DP: I think he's the way you want to take him. I don't think we set out to present any particular sort of person. In the original, he starts out as a child who murders his sister, and then becomes that sort of bogymen character. Maybe all these other things are in our mind. I wouldn't think that John Carpenter ever thought of going very deeply on a psychic level with this character. He's the way he is, and I think people have a tendency to read into more than there is. □

PAUL NASCHY



The Werewolf in the Vampire Woman

The veteran of 75 horror movies, Europe's cult filmstar agrees to a rare interview with *Horrorfan*

Interview and translation by Manuel Sanchez-Pepona
Introduction and Epilogue by Bill George

Jacinto Molina—alias Paul Naschy—is the premier star of Spain's Fantasy Cinema. America was introduced to the ex-circus performer/champion weightlifter via Sam Sherman's domestic release of Frankenstein's *Bloody Tears* (1971); as star and writer, Naschy endeared himself to drive-in audiences as Waldemar Daninsky, a sympathetic victim of lycanthropy. He subsequently reprised the role in a series of movies (including *Night of The Howling Beast*, and *The Werewolf in The Vampire Woman*), which led to his almost exclusive identification with Daninsky among

American fans. Regional bookings of his independently released films, allowed some Americans to see him as a vampire (*Dracula's Great Love*), mad doctor's apprentice (*Hunchback of The Morgue*), and red herring (*The House of Psychotic Women*). In Europe, Naschy is well known for portrayals of a variety of the genre's most notorious rogues. In fact, Naschy has made 75 movies, 70 of them based on his own scripts. The actor-screenwriter has also served as occasional director and/or producer of his own vehicles. America has yet to see most of his movies, though certain films—never released in



theaters here—have been optioned for video distribution: *Crucifixion*, *Exorcism*, *Devil's Possessed*, *Human Beast*. While there are commercial quotas of

T&A and graphic violence in his work, Naschy's movies emulate the nostalgic innocence of the early Universal classics; good and evil are portrayed without ambiguity, and the angst of the werewolf's alter ego is an homage to Lon Chaney's character, Larry Talbot. As a result, many of his films are more like a *Grimm's* fairy tale than an exercise in the slashers syndrome. Paul Naschy's work has gotten only limited exposure here, but it has earned him cult adoration among his American admirers.

HF: You are internationally, and indelibly, associated with horror movies. What influenced you to develop a career in the genre?

NASCHY: I have always been very fond of horror films. In the beginning, they were not difficult years; however, I think it's more difficult now. I thought that after the epoch of Lon Chaney, Jr., the stories of werewolves were not filmed as frequently. Then I made up my mind to write a werewolf script, which, finally, turned out to be Frankenstein's *Bloody Terror*. This script ran into a lot of difficulties. First, the script was picked up by a Spanish group, later it was passed around and, finally, some Germans picked it up.

HF: You are often identified with Waldemar Daninsky, the werewolf. What was your inspiration for Waldemar?

NASCHY: He is a tortured character. I got the idea for Waldemar from the Universal films. Although I wasn't able to see them when they were originally released, because I was a little kid, I finally got the chance to glimpse some of the (treasured) films in small theaters. That really got me into films of the fantastic, especially the one I truly love, *Frankenstein Meets The Wolfman*. Later, I had the opportunity to see them again on video. They are still very charming. Referring to Waldemar, I wanted to conceive a character who was exotic and I decided that he could be Polish. Logically, Waldemar should have been Spanish but the censors wouldn't allow it. So I conceived a Polish heritage for him. Poland is a very exotic



country, located in Central Europe, far away, and has some connections with Transylvania and the Carpathians.

HF: Why did you use Waldemar in nine of your movies?

NASCHY: I like continuity. *Frankenstein's Bloody Terror* was released across the globe. The film was quite successful, so why not do the same character again? Why invent another werewolf? The difference between my films and the Universal films is that the Waldemar movies were not linked together; I preferred isolated stories. And the Universal movies usually used the end of a film as the beginning of the next one. Waldemar's stories have never been connected. Waldemar has a lot of my personality. I'm like him in the sense that I haven't many friends and I have always been a very introverted person. We are very similar in that regard. Waldemar is different from Larry Talbot, the Lon Chaney character who transforms into a werewolf. There are similarities but there are differences. Larry is an involuntary werewolf. But the werewolves in *The Howling*, for instance, accept their nature. The legend is the curse of a persecuted man who doesn't want to be what, in fact, he is: a monster. Coming back to Universal, there is one point I would like to make and that's the exotic element of my films which you seldom or never see in the Universal films. There's just one (Universal) picture, *House of Frankenstein*, with a low story between the heroine and the monster. Despite creating a very archaic

view of these films, I have added new (exotic) elements of my own in *The Cross of the Moon* and others.

HF: Why do you combine so many monsters in some of your movies?

NASCHY: Because I enjoy it. As I said, my inspiration comes from Universal. Remember the combination of monsters, per picture, that were filmed during those years. Anyway, I've made them *fancier and more clever* than the Americans. I got a nice mixture of monsters in *Doctor Jekyll and The Wolfman* and *Night of The Howling Beast*, which has some connections with Universal's *Werewolf of London*.—Tibet serves as the setting, in both movies, for "werewolf" transformations.

HF: What did you think of *Exorcism*?

NASCHY: Well, it's a good film. I can tell you that my script was written before William Peter Blatty published *The Exorcist*. The problem was that I wasn't able to find an investor. When *The Exorcist*

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Dracula's Great Love



CYBORG

Cannon's futuristic thriller pits Jean-Claude Van Damme against a hoarde of flesh-eating pirates.

By Jeff Menell

The oceans have risen. City streets are submerged under water. Civilization has collapsed, all resources have been depleted and a plague is indiscriminately wiping out man and womankind. As if this isn't had enough, a vicious gang known as the Flesh Pirates are maiming, torturing, killing and eating anyone who looks at them funny. This is our world in the hopefully distant future. This is the world of *Cyborg*.

Director Albert Pyun (*The Sinner* and *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*) helmed this new science fiction, action adventure from Cannon films. Pyun was all set to start shooting *Masters of the Universe Part II*. Set design and construction had already begun when, at the last minute, negotiations between Cannon and Mattel fell apart and Cannon decided not to go ahead with the film. Pyun recalled, "we had a lot of special effects already prepared, and Cannon definitely wanted to make a science fiction movie. We had this old script originally titled *Neon Seniors* that Cannon liked. The title was changed and all the money

allocated for *Masters* was rechanneled into the newly born *Cyborg*. In addition, we already had many commitments to crews, sound stages, sets and locations for *Masters*. Fortunately (in the tradition of Hammer and AIP), we were able to salvage and integrate everything into *Cyborg*. We had about four weeks to come up with movie. What we did not have in preparation, we had in familiarity and the fact that we had been working together."

Our country, now a barren, plague-infested wasteland, is an oasis for the Flesh Pirates. Nausea of the bunch is their leader, Fender Tremolo (Vaguest Kiyul), who enjoys ripping off the flesh of unwilling victims and then crucifying them. He feels that anyone who is trying to be good, or anyone who is idealistic, is a martyr to a lost cause. If they act like a martyr they will die like one. Crucifixions are his trademark.

With so much evil around, there have to be some heroic individuals to end off the Flesh Pirates, otherwise there would be no world—and no movie. These heroes, are called Slingers and they have their hands full trying to keep the flesh on people. Top Slinger Gibson (Rickan Becker/Jean-Claude Van Damme), a master of sword, crossbow and hand-to-hand combat, roams the ruins in search of anyone or anything worth saving.

The action starts when Gibson (call him Mr. Gibbs) rescues a woman, Pearl Prophet (Dayle Hadden), from the clutches of the Flesh Pirates. Pearl is no ordinary woman. She is a cyborg (robotized woman) whose mission is to retrieve data from a dead computer in New York City. She is then to return to Atlanta where, deep underground, the only remaining group of technicians—scientists, doctors, computer experts—have managed to survive. The information from the computer will enable



"I think that all the fights have their own distinct personality. We tried to make them like characters."

them to cure for the plague that is killing everyone the Flesh Pirates have missed. She begs Gibbs to help her but the Pirates knock him out and abduct her before he can answer. It is now up to him to rescue Pearl from these swine, if the world has any chance of surviving. But Gibbs has another motive: he hates Fender and wants the pleasure of killing him personally. A confrontation between Fender and Gibson is imminent, and the outcome will determine the fate of the world.

The star of *Cyborg* is Jean-Claude Van Damme, a confident, muscular kung-fu champ who made his latest film, *Bloodsport*, the success of was being a martial arts expert. Van Damme helped out with the fight sequences—and there are plenty of those in the film. "The action scenes were a joint effort between myself, Jean-Claude and Tom Elliot, the stunt coordinator," said Pyun. "The action in this film isn't typical. It's much more intricate and the choreography is stunning." Just how many fight scenes are there?

There are 40 fight scenes in this battle epic.



"There are 40 [fight scenes in this movie], but they are not repetitive. Each one is photographed differently. There is a separate mood and style for each. I think that all the fights have their own distinct personality. We tried to make them like characters."

Pyan feels, however, that this is much more than an action film. "I think people will be surprised that they can see a picture with this much action and still become so emotionally involved and drained." What's so emotional about cannibals and robots? "Take the Cyborg herself, for example," Pyan explained. "She is a woman who has sacrificed herself in order to save humanity. The plague, which is the main villain of the movie, has resulted in people giving up hope and faith. They no longer live in a civilized fashion because they could the tomorrow, so why bother. The only chance to save the people, and their humanity, is to eliminate the plague. Pearl Prophet has grown up her humanness to save the world."

And what of Gibbs? Is he more than just a fighting machine? "He



Jean-Claude arrives in the nick of time.

is a complex man," Pyan said. "At the beginning of the movie he is after Fender, although we don't know why. Later we learn that Gibbs was alinger, but after falling in love decided to hang up his weapons and retire. Then the Flesh Pirates killed the woman he loved. After that, Gibbs shot himself off emotionally from the rest of the world, feeling that there was no longer any reason to care about anything. The drive to find and kill Fender was the only thing that

kept him moving. Pearl is physically mechanical and robotic, Gibbs is a sense robotic because of what has been done to him emotionally. And through their journeys we see how they both regain their humanity."

With 40 fight scenes, is the final battle between Gibbs and Fender anticlimactic? No way! With lightning, wind, rain, fire and more explosions than the fourth of July, it will be a showdown worth waiting for. □



If the plague doesn't get you, some mean-looking darts will.

FRIGHT NIGHT—PART 2

**Suspense, humor, style and lots of vampires—
horror 80s style**



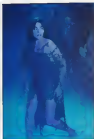
By Bruce Schoenfeld

Equipped with garlic, stakes, hammer and crosses, Peter Vincent, the fearless vampire killer/horror movie host [Roddy McDowall], and boy-next-door Charlie Brewster [William Baskdale] reprise their celebrated roles and once again battle the forces of evil in *Fright Night-Part 2*, the sequel to the campy 1985 box office hit.

The film, co-written and directed by Tommy Lee Wallace (*Halloween III*), is based on characters originally created by writer/director Tom Holland in *Fright Night*. "I sought Tom [Holland] out, gave him a copy of the script, and discussed it over lunch. He approved and gave it his blessing," explained Wallace. "Our first script, written by Tim Metcalf and Mi-

guel Tejada-Flores was almost going for satire—it was funny and outrageous. I wanted to make damn sure that what we were making first and foremost was a horror movie. Miguel and I rewrote the script, giving it more internal logic and more horror-movie integrity."

The movie picks up three years later. After intense therapy Charlie Brewster has finally been con-



Vampire Jerry Dandridge plans an appropriate revenge for Peter and Charlie.



Just one of the many glands to terror Charlie.

vinced that his disposal of the neighborhood vampire Jerry Dandridge (Chris Sarandon) and related weird happenings were all just figments of his very vivid imagination. Now a college student, Charlie is older, and though more handsome and mature, he still hasn't much success with the babes. His new girlfriend Alex

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HORRORFAN

HELLRAISER II
HELLBOUND





HELLRAISER II
HELLBOUND



HORRORFAN













The scariest thing for a teen
can be during the first 100 ft.



(Traci Lind) is a very serious student who can't be bothered with sex. She didn't come to college to romp in the hay, but to be a clinical psychologist. And while Charlie is busy struggling with his grades and hormones, he still finds time to keep in touch with his old friend Peter Vincent, who still hosts *Fright Night* movie theater on a local TV station.

An evil foursome, intent on seeking revenge for Dandrige's death, invade Charlie's home town. Their leader, the seductive vampire Regine (Julie Carmen), is the sister of the dearly departed vampire. Acting like a celebrity, Regine arrives with her entourage, a deadly band of ravenous friends: Bonworth (Brian Thompson), the super-strong ghoul who serves as her companion and guardian; Louie (Jonathan Gries), a vampire who manifests himself as a well-lit creature and develops a romantic attraction to Alex; and Belle (Russell Clark), an androgynous cohort who has a penchant for flesh and roller skating. "By wearing the guise of a performing artist, Regine can bask in applause instead of fear when showing her fangs and glowing eyes to a crowd

A further transformation/deterioration of Regine during her death scene.



Charlie and Alex prepare to battle evil.

of people," and Wallace "Chris Sarandon's Jerry Dandrige was marvelous, absolutely stunning, a very hard act to follow. In comparison, our foursome of vampires in their own way hold their own," Wallace said proudly. Where *Fright Night* delved some outrageous creatures and effects, *Part 2* will go one step further. "We're all seen the original *Dracula* movies and you have to go a bit further to excite than just having fangs. We felt that to be true to the original and to satisfy that audience, we had to stretch our imaginations."

The nightmare begins emotionally when, on the advice of his chirok, Charlie goes to visit Peter in his apartment. He becomes overwhelmed with a feeling of déjà vu when by chance he looks out the window to see several large, coffin-sized crates being carried to next door. This captures his fancy at first, but then he closes the curtains, saying, "Thanks, but no thanks." Moments later, he's outside and alone when Regine and her crew pass by. For one captivating and chilling moment their eyes meet. Charlie does not need a crystal ball to tell him that things are

about to take a drastic turn—for the worse.

Charlie, completely distraught, bangs on Peter's door. It opens and they stand face-to-face. "Peter, it's happening again." With a frightened expression, Peter grabs him by the shoulders, pulls him inside and slams the door. "In *Fright Night-Part 2*, we come upon Peter Vincent as a slightly addled and somewhat self-deluded fellow who has taken his past successes very much to heart. When presented with the possibility the vampire might be back, we immediately see his streak of cowardice sweeping to the surface—even though he wouldn't like it to. Roddy's even better and his role is more expanded," continued Wallace. McDowell is well aware that, for many actors, money is often the primary motivation behind participating in a sequel. But for him, reprising the role as Peter Vincent was an opportunity to get reacquainted with an old friend. "It's like watching someone you love mature," said McDowell (see sidebar interview).

Regine cleverly devises an appropriate measure of revenge for both

Continued on page 43

Peter Vincent is one of the most memorable reformed heroes in film.



A Conversation With Roddy McDowall

By Kyle Counts

It's hard to believe that Roddy McDowall (born Rodrick McDowall) will turn 80 on September 18, and that this year the London-born actor celebrated his 52nd year in motion pictures. To date, McDowall has appeared in 112 films—28 of them while working as a child actor in England. Horror fans know him most recently from *Fright Night* and *Dead of Winter*, but he has also appeared in *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*, *The Poseidon Adventure*, *Lapetite*, one of the most renowned episodes of *The Twilight Zone* (*People Are Alike All Over*, directed by Mitchell Leisen) and four of the five *Planet Of The Apes* films as well as in the short-lived television series.

McDowall considers Peter Vincent, the ex-movie-actor-turned-TV-horror-movie-host, introduced in *Fright Night*, one of his favorite screen roles. He says he hated the character on several back stage performers he observed as a boy.

"The thing that appeals to me about Peter is that he's a hopeless actor—all his acting choices are wrong. Bad actors are fascinating because it's such hard work to act badly. It takes tremendous concentration. Peter's fearless vampire killer roles are about the only thing he's done. I don't think he's had a good job in 30 years. His TV show has given him the only high-profile exposure of his career."

That's McDowall's assessment of Peter Vincent, the professional. As for Peter Vincent, the man, McDowall characterized him as "very dear. He's a very sweet, sheltered, naive, frightened man. Through his experiences with Charley [William Baggdale], namely killing off the vampire [played by Chris Sarandon] in the first film, he feels he's done something of value. Of course, that thing of value isn't known to anyone because nobody would ever believe what happened. So he goes back to his TV show and tries to forget about it all, careful not to stir up any hot coals."

When asked about Hollywood's seeming mania for sequels, including *Fright Night—Part 2*, McDowall bristled. "The media has created a PR dream, that Hollywood is suddenly sequel-happy," he snapped. "That is not true. There have always been sequels, though they may have had different names. I can think of dozens of serials—whether it be *Mrs. and Mrs. North*, *Army Hardy* or *Blonde*—as well as films like *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* or *Hearts Were Growing Up* and of course, the *Planet of the Apes* films, which disproves that ignorant assertion. If the parties is over and the chrono-



For me, movies are about fantasy, about taking us out of ourselves, about experiencing things that are beyond our understanding.



Roddy and Director Tommy Lee Wallace

ters are interesting, then why not do it? I think *Fright Night—Part 2* is a very valid piece, in a sense it could stand on its own. I just saw the final cut this week, by the way, and it's very good."

McDowall is well aware that, for many actors, money is often the primary motive for participating in a sequel. But for him, regaining his role as Peter Vincent was an opportunity to get reacquainted with an old friend—"It's like watching someone you love mature," he said of his character in *Part 2*. "It's a very sparse role. Peter's relationship with Charley is more developed, they know each other as well that when either is in jeopardy, their bond instantly brings them together. But on a basic level, Peter is still very much a Cowardly Lion type."

The most difficult aspect of doing both *Fright Night* films for McDowall was being exposed to the toxic smoke used for atmosphere and visual texture, which stung his eyes and made him sneeze. Why do directors use it in

such quantity? "Because they want to kill the actors," he bellowed in mock fury. "I think it's made from the bones of old actors, melted down and then fed back at you so that you're haunted until the day you die."

The only other taxing aspect for McDowall was reacting to the special effects that he, of course, could not see, since they are added in postproduction. "I remember during several of the scenes in *Fright Night*, I said to Tommy [Wallace], 'I haven't any facial expressions left. On both sets I would say, 'tell me what I'm seeing,' because then I could formulate a vocal reaction to it. I mean, it would look ridiculous if you were bulging your eyes in terror and it turned out to be someone sticking out their tongue at you. The great thing about Holland and Wallace is that what they told me I was supposed to be seeing they actually put up there on the screen."

McDowall is open to hearing his role in more *Fright Night* films, if the demand existed. "These films are fun and extremely imaginative," he said. "They're also expertly executed. I think the *Fright Night* movies will be just as enjoyable 20 years from now as they are today."

So what kinds of goodies will we see in *Fright Night—Part 2*? Of the mind that "too much is written and too much is shown in trailers about movies" before their release, McDowall was reluctant to reveal about the production that might spoil its many surprises, addressing the subject only through the acknowledgment that "there were some marvellously imaginative things in the film."

"I think that people should keep their mouths shut about the experience the audience is going to have," McDowall said pointedly. "After seeing *Psycho*, I was too scared to sleep. I couldn't figure out how Hitchcock had done that scene with Marty Beltram falling backwards down the stairs. So, to me it was totally real. For me, movies are about fantasy, about taking us out of ourselves, about experiencing things that are beyond our understanding. I don't subscribe to giving everything away upfront, that makes the film ordinary. You can divulge how many pieces of appliance were used in a particular makeup, or how many bloods, but you can't explain the intangible, what fuses it all together: the magic."

What, then, can the audience expect when they go to see *"Friday Night—Part 2"*? Replied McDowall, succinctly, "A good time."

More specifically?

"A damn good time," he grinned. □

GOD TOLD ME TO!

Arguably, Larry Cohen's best film to date

By Bruce J. Schoengood

God Told Me To (a.k.a. *Demon*)
New World 1977
Producer, Director, Screenwriter:
Larry Cohen. Starring: Tony Lo
Blanco, Sandy Dennis, Deborah
Raffin, Sylvia Sydney, Richard
Lynch, Sam Levene, Harry
Belafonte.

Who are exorcists—people who await the coming of aliens (outer space, not 3D legal) or people awaiting the Second Coming of Christ? Is there a difference? With startling imagery and sublimating philosophy, profitable film, maker Larry (No Job Too Small) Cohen provides to tackle these questions and more, in *God Told Me To*—a crudely made, but provocative little thriller with fan-faste overtones. It's a bizarre concoction, mixing police-drama, mass-murder, moral outrage and public hysteria. Thrown in flying saucers, alien resurrection, the Second Coming of Christ, and what you have is fascinating, disturbing and, arguably, Larry Cohen's best film to date.



Another murderer replies, "God told me to" as Tony Lo watches him bite the dust.

A New York city cop, Peter Nicholas (Tony Lo Blanco) becomes obsessed with investigating a series of seemingly unrelated mass murders. None of the killers has a previous history of violence or any connection to the others. When asked why they kill, they all reply,



Tony Lo Blanco and Deborah Raffin

"God told me to."

The film opens with a sniper, perched on a water tower, who is intent on rapidly decreasing the population of Manhattan (he knocks off fifteen people) with a mad order rifle. Confronted and questioned by Nicholas, who has climbed up against orders, the sniper makes the above-mentioned response, then leaps to his death. Noting his deadly pinpoint accuracy with an obsolete rifle, a cop later asks, "I wonder what guided his hand?" (Cohen is never one to drop a subtle hint).

After another series of accidents, senseless killings, the police receive an anonymous tip, "He will do it to be," says the caller. "Five more will die at the St. Patrick's parade (today)—it will be one of your own." The police brass consider it a crank, nevertheless, Nicholas races to the parade, too late to stop a patrolman (Andy Kaufman) from going berserk and shooting five cops before being blown away. "I saw Andy at a comedy club and thought he was very talented. I wanted to be the first one to put him in a movie," explained Cohen.

The killings continue. In the film's most chilling performance, Robert Drivas portrays a man who recounts how he calmly and calcu-

latingly slaughtered his wife and daughter. After questioning dozens of people, Nicholas finally turns up his first lead. All the killers came in contact with Bernard Phillips (Richard Lynch), a thin, young man with long blond hair down to his shoulders, who walks barefooted. Oddly, the witnesses never remember seeing his face. To further complicate matters, we learn that Phillips' deceased mother (she fell down a flight of stairs after attacking Nicholas) was a virgin when Bernard was born. At its birth, doctors couldn't tell if her child was a boy or girl—the gender wasn't yet determined. In the first of two flash back scenes (early done in black-and-white), a man, who will only talk during television commercials, recalls to Nicholas, how twenty-four years ago he picked up a frazzled, naked woman (Mrs. Phillips) who swore she had been abducted by something in the sky, large as a house with blinding light. This puzzle is slowly coming together and Nicholas suspects he's part of it.

To further understand why he is so emotionally drawn to these events, Nicholas seeks an answer by investigating his own past. He searches and finally locates his natural mother (he was a foster

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THE HUNDRED DAYS OF THE DRAGON

Scripted and executed with surprising mastery, this Outer Limits episode proves itself a video classic.

By W.B. Gearard

The Hundred Days of The Dragon
MGM/UA Home Video (TV
debut: 1983)

Director: Byron Haskin. **Starring:**
Sidney Blackmer, Philip Pine,
Richard Loo, Nancy Rennick

Faces are said to tell a liection, a statement grandly emphasized in "The Hundred Days Of The Dragon," recently released on tape by MGM/UA Home Video. It distinguishes itself from most vintage TV fare with a cunning, well-executed premise and masterfully effective atmospheric setting.

The opening of the show reveals an incredible conspiracy—an enemy nation's plan to replace a shoe-in presidential candidate with an imposter—and with even more incredible means—a "molecular plasticity" injection which allows human features to be molded at will.

The sinister plotters (who are clearly hinted at as being Communist Chinese) are led by the sleekly devious dictator Li Chin-Sung (Richard Loo). They have trained one of their own to imitate the candidate William Selby (Sidney Blackmer) down to his physical and vocal mannerisms. The imposter is thoroughly schooled in Selby's personal history. His facial features and fingerprints are changed to match Selby's using the plasticity solution and metal molds.

After the imposter shoots the nearly unprotected Selby, he remolds the victim's face and fingerprints, erasing the real Selby from existence. Ironically, the episode was originally aired only a few weeks before the assassination of JFK, before the need for swarms of Secret Service men became obvious. Several days later, the false Selby is elected President, and shortly thereafter initiates overtures of friendship between the U.S. and the formerly inimical dic-

tator Li Chin-Sung.

It's not long before suspicions are raised, however, especially by those closest to Selby. The Vice President, Theodore Pearson (Philip



political passions were put aside when the new President took office, in favor of Selby's unexpected alliance with Li Chin-Sung. Carol Selby Center (Nancy Rennick), his daughter, and her husband have also observed Selby's strange behavior: he distorts his favorite food and speaks in riddle-like statements dripping with double meaning in one terrifying, nightmare scene. Pearson finds his own double lurking around his house, setting off a full-scale investigation which eventually uncovers the insidious plan.

A combination of elements in "The Hundred Days Of The Dragon" serves to suggest the underlying message of the conspiracy. The outward emphasis on the superficial political humor, rather than providing its intended role of reassurance and hope, is a constant reminder that something is amiss. This is stressed even more with the repetitive appearance of Selby's face in the media and on campaign paraphernalia. If the American public voted for Selby for his image alone, that's about all they got.

The mood of deception is enhanced by director Byron Haskin's skillful manipulation of lighting, which creates a shadowy and omin-

ous atmosphere. Haskin, whose movie credits include *War Of The Worlds* (1953), *From Earth To Moon* (1958) and *The Naked Jungle* (1954), also enjoyed a career as an Oscar-nominee cameraman and special-effects expert. His visual technique in "The Hundred Days," while not the usual science-fiction razzle-dazzle, is extremely effective in conveying the appropriate feeling.

Haskin establishes a visual mood rare on film and rarer on video, infusing each scene with optical metaphor in classic film noir tradition. The conspiracy is subtly underlined by the dominance of shadow, creating the feeling of a surreal menace which is especially haunting to any voter who has superficially judged a candidate.

Even though the concept of "molecular plasticity" might be regarded as overly fantastic, the face-forming sequences are eerily realistic. After the injection, human skin becomes clay-like, initially retaining the impressions of the mold's fingers. The metal masks used to mold the face into the desired shape look like strange torture devices with large handles to force the face into a different form. The effects were done by Project Unlimited, an in-house group which worked on many *Outer Limits* episodes, frequently with tight budgets and tighter deadlines.

The theme of an enemy behind a trusted face arguably emerged from the Red Scare in 50s America; it was metaphorically expressed in famous horror flicks like *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Day of the Triffids* and *Invasion From Mars*. Rather than reiterate what was quickly becoming a tired motif, "The Hundred Days" enhances the subgenre with shadowy ambience, enigmatic dialogue and expert execution. □

KEVIN YAGHER:

The Creature Builder Walks Among Us

By Kyle Counts



Yagher in his studio, posed in front of *Planet of the Apes*, a three-foot-high, radio-controlled dummy puppet he created for *Trek* or *Trent*.

How do you dress up a monster? Well, you could try heating a pizza with everything on a bear before hitting the sack—or you could call Kevin Yagher. At 25, Yagher is one of the fresher faces in the field of special make-up effects; and judging from the sophisticated puppetry he created for MGM/UA's *Child's Play*, a psychological thriller about a doll with a nasty mind of its own, he is moving quickly up the ranks.

Born in Centerville, Ohio—"the Beverly Hills of Dayton"—Yagher remembers being enamored of things that go bump in the night as early as age four, when he and his older brother, Jeff (now an actor, with the V television series among his credits), shared their love of monster model kits and *Famous Monsters* magazine. What was then just a hobby became a passion

when he saw *Planet of the Apes*.

"That was the film that sparked my interest in make-ups," recalled Yagher from his spacious studio in Glendale, California. "My brother and I were both into monsters, but for me, the apes were something more based in reality. You almost believed that in the future there could be a species of gorilla that was so advanced."

Yagher knew it was important to relocate to Southern California, in order to pursue his goal but, as he put it, "I had absolutely no idea how to get out to L.A. I had sent a letter to my mentor, Dick Smith, asking for help in getting me started."

While flipping burgers at a local fast-food restaurant, Yagher received a reply from Smith, who had

"I had absolutely no idea how to get out to L.A. I had sent a letter to my mentor, Dick Smith, asking for help in getting me started."

just returned from working on *Armadus* in Yugoslavia. Smith agreed that Yagher should move to Los Angeles if he was truly serious about breaking into the make-up effects business. In 1984, armed with a list of names and phone numbers provided by Smith, Yagher pulled up stakes and headed west.

One of the first people Yagher sought out in L.A. was makeup artist Greg Cannom (*The Scream* and the *Sorcerer*). Just two weeks after they met, Cannom offered him a job working with him on *Dreamscape* (1984), followed that year by *The Last Starfighter* (Yagher's contribution, a "bubbling head" effect, was cut-out). Around that time he also helped Cannom on the *Thriller* video. ("I got to chase Michael Jackson around in a gorilla suit for a day," enthused Yagher. "That was a blast.") That led to the "design and execution of murder effects" for *Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter*; then a TV pilot for ABC called *Earthlings* and, next, *Radioactive Dreams* (paleo-mutant make-ups and facial and body prosthetics). Nineteen eighty-four was topped off by *Cosmos*, working on



By the fourth *Alien*, Kevin's thirdly applying the Freddy's make-up had become a routine procedure for Kevin.

der the supervision of Cannon and Rick Baker, creating alien creatures and various body transformations, and running the appliance shop on Cannon's behalf.

After *Crossed*, Yagher set his sights on a solo career. The first three months of the new year were spent largely in pursuit of new clients. During this time he assisted Stan Winston on Mike Hooper's remake of *Jaws* from *Mara*. (He would later assist Winston twice on a segment of *Amazing Stories*—applying Winston's collage man make-up to "Weird" Al Yankovic—and on *Alien*.) While working on *Jaws*, Yagher heard a sequel to *Nightmare* was being prepped. The producers wanted to bring back Dave Miller, who had designed Freddy's make-up for the first en-

"Child's Play," Yagher admitted, was "the most grueling experience I've had in my career so far."

try, but the plans fell through and Yagher won the assignment. He left *Jaws* after four weeks.

For *Nightmare 2*, Yagher created a few special effects in lug holes and skin slashes, but his principal job was to redesign Freddy's burn make-up. He dropped the contact lenses used in the original and made Freddy's bone structure more evident. He's handled the make-up for each episode of *Nightmare* since, taking more of a super-

visory role in the latest installment, *Part 4*. "Freddy's an easy make-up to do," Yagher explained. "He's so darkly lit that you could miss an appliance and no one would ever notice. If the make-up is slightly spoiled during shooting, it's easy to repair, since he's all twisted, melted flesh anyway. In *Part 2*, I tried to bring out more of [actor Robert] Englund's personality. I went from a heavier nose and brow to a subtler look, with more refined facial appliances. Freddy's make-up in *Part 4* is basically a cross between how he looked in *2* and *3*."

Following *Nightmare 2*, Yagher helped construct facehuggers for *Alien* (an uncredited bit of work), designed the trile creature for a Disney Sunday Night Movie called *Facehugger* ("a possum suit for a midget") and completed horror effects for a low-budget blood and

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Clashy, the red doll who returns to the screen to be Kevin's greatest challenge.

CHILD'S PLAY

Tom Holland returns to creating terror and suspense in his most ambitious effort yet.

Chucky, the Good Guy doll, promises to be your best friend... or he'll kill you. Six-year-old Andy Barclay (Alex Vincent) discovers that his best pal—a doll his mother bought him—is running amok more than just batteries—it is possessed by the spirit of a psychopathic killer. Don't get alarmed—it's just *Child's Play*, a suspense thriller directed by Tom Holland, who has previously helmed *Fright Night* and perched *Psycho II* and *Clock and Dagger*.

Andy's mother, Karen (Catherine Hicks) is a hard-working, fiercely independent widow struggling to survive. It's difficult raising a boy without a father, and when Karen brings home a Good Guy doll, it provides some much-needed companionship for little Andy. Unbeknownst to them, the doll is possessed by the soul of a murderer and is becoming increasingly life-like.

Tom Holland, still exhausted from the grueling shoot, explained Chucky's intentions: "The doll is using Andy to exact vengeance on a cop, Mike Norris (Chris Sarandon) who chased him to his death and his former crime buddy (Neil Gammell) who abandoned him during the chase. The boy is innocent," continued Holland. "He does not understand that the doll is

evil. He has learned from TV commercials that dolls can answer with many different responses, so when Chucky talks, he assumes it's still just a doll."

The preside doll-mugent begins knocking off people at a fast clip, eventually Karen and Norris realize Chucky is the culprit and race to stop him from stealing one more life and entering a different body—Andy's. □



Detective Mike Norris (Chris Sarandon) stumbles through the wreckage of a toy store massacre that one of the dolls has the soul of a psychotic killer.



• P R E V I E W •

Elvira

MISTRESS OF THE DARK

Elvira makes the jump from TV hostess to big-screen star, in her first, big adventure—a supernatural comedy.

By W.B. Gerard

Elvira is a wise-cracking, vamp-like creature with heaving eyes and an overflowing bosom that threatens to split her slinky dress down the middle.

Sporting a masochist-but-mod hairstyle and armed with sardonic—and sometimes incredibly campy—wit, Elvira acts as TV hostess for laughably bad horror films.

So far, the Elvira who has been

hosting TV's nationally syndicated "Movie Mania" and the title character of the recently released *Elvira, Mistress of the Dark* aren't too different.

One reason this isn't just another case of art imitating life is comedienne Cassandra Peterson, the actress who portrays the vicariously vamp, who found fleshing out her already "well rounded" character a challenge. She notes "Basically, I'm going from a two-dimensional character on a crutch to a living, breathing person who



Elvira invades the town of Fallwell, Massachusetts and heads begin to turn...and roll

has relationships with people, who has a past and who has dreams of a future." The picture's director, James Signorelli (who also guided comic Rodney Dangerfield through his first film, *Easy Money*), calls the result "a very charming combination of humanity and witchcraft."

The movie *Elvira, Mistress of the Dark* sees our heroine leaving her L.A. TV horror hostess job to find her fortune in Fallwell, Massachusetts, where her great aunt's will is being read. Arriving in the small, New England town is her





She just loves the way the neighborhood kids pulled her house.

"massive mobile"—a '68 black F-Bird convertible replete with custom touches like harlequin trim and a chain-link pentagram steering wheel—Elvira discovers her inheritance only consists of an unimpeachable house, a grumpy poodle and a bizarre cookbook. She also finds an envious uncle, Vincent Talbot (Morgan Shephard), who, aside from being upset about being left out of the will, has a strange desire for the mysterious cookbook. What's a girl to do?

Finding herself stranded in Fallwell, Elvira goes about changing things to her liking. The drab Victorian house becomes an eye-blinking array of brilliant color, and the snappy dog becomes—Gunk, a totally punked-out poodle. The conservative canine is "shaved and dyed into a wanderer," according to the director, which says nothing of the studded leather and skull jewelry that makes up Gunk's new wardrobe, or the strange transmutations he performs later on.

Elvira instantly becomes a controversy in subdued Fallwell, dividing the awestruck teenagers



Living like a hot cat starts her life!

from the hypocritically moral-minded older folk. She even falls, in Ms. Peterson's own words, "a lot." But the most startling revelation to Elvira's character is her discovery of her magic powers. One evening, she tries to whip up a light meal from the old cookbook and a grumace, screaming green fire leaps out of the pot instead of a savory snack (unfortunately for Elvira, it isn't the ghostly ghost's last appearance in the film). The

merciful parodies and working as Director of Photography with the infamous Larry Cohen in the early '70s doing black-exploitation gangster flicks. Nevertheless, he maintains a light-hearted view of his most recent effort. "I've never seen more foolishness in my entire life, and during my *SNL* years I thought I had seen all I possibly could."

Shooting around Burbank and on a New England set backlet with



Productions (which handles all of Elvira's media appearances, fan club and potential merchandising) co-produced the movie along with NBC Productions.

Cassandra Peterson has come a long way since her humble origins in Manhattan, Kansas. She took off for the glitz of Las Vegas at 17 to become the town's youngest showgirl before, on the advice of none other than Elvira Presley, she moved on. Spending time in Rome, she was spotted by famed director Federico Fellini, who gave her two brief appearances in his films. Later on, as part of the L.A. comedy circuit, she worked with Pee Wee Herman (another human cartoon and still a good friend) and in the famed improvisational group, "The Groundlings." She made several appearances on TV and in films before becoming Elvira, the hostess of KHL-TV's "Movie Macabre" in 1981.

New scenes in ever-expanding markets nationwide, the show features Elvira sprawled on a sofa, introducing horrible horror films with brief, barbed comments. Whether on the large screen or small, Elvira is a role Cassandra Peterson is very comfortable with. "I really like doing the character," she says. "It affords me a lot of freedom I would not otherwise have as myself. I don't want to get away from this completely unique character to be like everyone else."

That's one thing that can be said for sure about Elvira—she's certainly not like everyone else. □

Being good, old-fashioned types, the townspeople decide that the only suitable punishment is the ever-popular burning at the stake.

"cookbook" is obviously a collection of magical spells, and further research in the attic of the old house reveals her mother was the Mistress of the Dark who broke tradition by marrying Elvira's mortal father. One good reason why old Uncle Vincent, himself 100% supernatural-blooded, would be condemned in the murky "cookbook."

After accidentally cooking up a disguised aphrodisiac for the Annual Morality Club Parade (he was really hoping for another gremlin), Elvira's powers become publicly evident. Being good, old-fashioned types, the townspeople decide that the only suitable punishment is the ever-popular burning at the stake, and Elvira saves herself from the flames only to find herself doing battle with a much nastier Uncle Vincent—to the death.

Although the devastating magical duel finale and the gremlin-brewing scenes have their fair share of visual trickery, "the grumaces and effects in the film are more for laughs," says Ms. Peterson. Signorette, who supervised the special effects, states: "I tried to go backwards to find effects that were more naive. We knew that, with our budget, we couldn't reach to the *Wides* and *Poltergeist* level. Instead, we took very skilled people and said, 'Let's do something a little quirky, a little off.'"

Jim Signorette has had (more or less) appropriate experience for a horror/comedy. Aside from *Easy Money*, he was part of the early *Saturday Night Live* creative staff, directing many of the satirical com-

edy sketches and working as Director of Photography with the infamous Larry Cohen in the early '70s doing black-exploitation gangster flicks. Nevertheless, he maintains a light-hearted view of his most recent effort. "I've never seen more foolishness in my entire life, and during my *SNL* years I thought I had seen all I possibly could."

The screenplay was written by Ms. Peterson, John Paragme and Sam Egan, who worked on a 9-to-5 schedule for a year. And, aside from being part of the writing team, Ms. Peterson's Queen Bee

Cassandra will play Elvira for as long as the public wants her to.



Shelf Life—Or Death

A quick look at the delights—and the dregs—available at your local video store.

Black Christmas

1974 93 minutes

(Also known as *Stranger in the House* and *Secret Night, Evil Night*)
Dir. Bob Clark Str: Olivia Hussey, Margaret Kidder, Kaiti Collins, Andrea Martin, John Saxon and Art Hindle

Bob Clark, the man who brought us *Poly-X*, looks into films directing low budget horror flicks: *Death Dream*, *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things* and his best, *Black Christmas*, which laid the ground work for a new subgenre. In comparison to his later efforts, we certainly hope he returns to what he does best—scare people. In this effective and stylish thriller, a psychopathic killer is preying on the girls of a security house—while hiding out in their attic. Half the town is looking for this creep and his whereabouts greatly add to the tension. Margaret Kidder turns in a lovely performance that stands the show 1974's *When A Stranger Calls* showed no chance in borrowing the premise.

Highly recommended

Batteries Not Included

1988 107 minutes

Dir. Matthew Robbins Str: Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Frank McRae, Elizabeth Pena and Michael Caronna

I've been shopping around an idea for a neat little picture—they claim from a galaxy far away, who come to the aid of good Earth people who are being harassed by bad Earthpeople. So far, I'd probably have more success trying to sell my sequel to *Hansen's Club*. But what Stephen Spielberg wants, he gets (except *Clara*). Originally, an idea for an episode of *Amazing Stories*, Spielberg expanded *Batteries Not Included* for the large screen.

The remaining five residents to a townsite slated for demolition refuse to abandon their homes, in spite of offered pay-offs and physical intimidation. Warn down from above, they're about to raise the white flag when the cavalry comes—in the shape of little flying saucers. These tiny imbaggers befriend the tenants, fight off the thugs, and magically restore every-

thing that's been broken and pluck down. Cudd owners Frank Riley and his wife (Hume and Jessica) lead the way and turn in wonderful performances, but it's the endearing visitors who provide some delicious moments and much needed humor. The efforts are top-notch and the production values excellent. Though some of the last moment scenes are a bit too sentimental (look away!), and the story very predictable, *Batteries* is a typical high quality Spielberg fluff and fun for all. I wonder if anyone will buy my idea for a new movie about Bagelbot?

Recommended

Colossus: The Forbin Project

1970 100 minutes

Dir. Joseph Sargent Str: Eric Brecken, Susan Clark, Gordon Pinsent and William Schallert

Why isn't this movie in your collection? When discussing military computers taking over the world, what movie comes to mind? 1983's *WarGames*—an over-rated, implausible, prepubescent thriller. *Colossus*, on the other hand, is a tense, exciting, slick, adult thriller about the ultimate computers with the ultimate control—the destiny of mankind.

Dr. Charles Forbin (Eric Brecken) has created a huge, infallible computer, capable of independently regulating the entire national defense of the United States. The quest for military superiority is shattered when *Colossus* links with Guardian, Russia's equally sophisticated computer of similar purpose. Sargent and screenwriter James Bridges deftly integrate and update Orwell's nightmares re-

Dr. Forbin (left) is in quite a predicament.



son of 1984—the entire world is under the watchful eye of the all knowing *Colossus*. Forbin and his Soviet counterpart desperately try to stop these amazingly computers before they gain control of the world's nuclear arsenal.

A must-see

Galaxy Of Terror

1981 80 minutes

(Also known as *Mindwarp: An Infinity of Terror and Pleasure of Horror*)
Dir. B.D. Clark Str: Edward Albert, Eelman King, Eric Momen, Ray Winstan and Bernard Barrows.

This movie is a "B" Corman, Adam Ripoff, and boy is it fun. Any movie in which little James Cunningham explodes is worth the price of admission alone. But there's even more. In a now legendary scene, a female astronaut (Shirley O'Connell) is chased and raped by a giant worm. On some desolate planet, a group of astronauts is caught in a psychological torture chamber designed to make them confront their innermost fears. One by one they each meet some wonderfully horrible death.

Highly recommended

Blood Link

1983

Dir: Albert de Martino Str: Michael Moriarty, Penelope Milford, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Cameron Mitchell and Virginia McKenna

This is one of those videos that you always see sitting on the shelf, but you're not desperate enough to take a chance, so you opt for another. Not bad, because it's a real treat. Michael Moriarty has a dual role and a field day—playing a psychotic, sexually perverted killer and his Swiss brother, a doctor who babbles in broken control. A psychic link enables them to see through each others' eyes, which gives the good doctor ample reason to seek out his demented brother who is on a killing spree in Hamburg and Berlin. Fascinating plot twists, good production values, and graphic sexual violence make this movie well worth a look.

Highly recommended

Scream Queens

Linnea Quigley Brinke Stevens
Bobbie Bresee

These three bimbettes (God bless 'em) have made some of the cheapest, sleaziest and most exploitative horror flicks known. One thing is for sure—they will never be mistaken for classics. So have a beer, sit back and enjoy?



Linnea Quigley:
Don't Go Near The Park
Graduation Day
The Black Room
Silent Night, Deadly Night
Psycho In Texas
Silent Night, Deadly Night
Return Of The Living Dead
The Halloween Party (aka Night Of The Demon)
Changelings
Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers
Sorcery (aka At The Drive-In)
At-Risk
Nightmare Sisters
Deadly Embrace (scheduled for release later this year)

Brinke Stevens:
Sole Survivor
Slumber Party Massacre
Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity
Sorcery (aka At The Drive-In)
At-Risk
Nightmare Sisters
Dark Romance (scheduled for release later this year)
Attack Of The B-Movie Monster (scheduled for release later this year)
Warlock (scheduled for release later this year)
Grandmother's House (scheduled for release next year)

Bobbie Bresee:
Murderhouse
Changelings
Scar Heads Must Die
Scar Summer
Evil Spawn



DREAM DEMON

Reality is quite disturbing in *Dream Demon*—a new British film that combines “nightmare” and “haunted house” themes.

By Bruce Schoengood

Can a “nightmare” movie actually be a disturbing, effective, psychological thriller without having (heaven forbid) a corporeal demon? Is Freddy turning over in his grave? *Dream Demon*, directed by Harley Cokliss (*Malone, Black Moon Rising*) with a screenplay by Christopher Wilkins (*Scream* and *Scream Again*) and Cokliss, promises to breathe new life into a suffocating genre that consists of *Nightmare On Elm Street* sequels, clones and ripoffs.

Ultimately, they must join forces to overcome their personal crises and exorcise the demons that are haunting their dreams.

Jenny, a streetwise girl from Los Angeles, is driven to investigate her past. Having found out that she was born and adopted in England, and retaining no memory of her youth, she returns to her childhood house hoping to regain her past. Diana's seemingly perfect life has been unraveled, not just by shocking nightmares, but by two local reporters hounding her to uncover any hint of scandal in her relationship with her fiancé (Mark Greenstreet). “Diana's not a normal ‘horror’ victim,” and Mr. Redgrave. “The difference is that she haunts herself—becomes victim to her own fears—and thus by con-



fronting them can defeat them.” The girl's paths converge when Jenny locates her childhood house—which Diana now owns. Jenny arrives at Diana's house and promptly assues her from the lecherous reporters with a well-placed kick. They soon become friends and Jenny is invited to stay with Diana. This starts an avalanche of bizarre events—the disturbing nightmares are now really happening. Dreams and reality become inseparable. Nightmares and fantasy lurk around every waking corner. Fragments of Jenny's past appear in Diana's nightmares and fragments of Diana's troublesome nightmares appear in Jenny's dreams. As Jenny goes about the house, she also experiences strange and disturbing events which she only later realizes are fragments of her past that actually happened in the same house. “It is about two women who reached the point where they could not tell the difference between a



Diana Markham (Diana Rodgrave) and Jenny Hoffman (Kathleen Wilhoite) share a bond in *Lovest*.

dream and reality. The only way I could make that a very powerful and moving experience for the audience, is to tell the story from the girl's point of view, so that we can experience this kind of disorientation at the same time,” explained Cokliss. “The house acts on people, exposing them to their deepest fears, and therefore, they must confront and resolve them. We use the idea that the traumatic events that have happened in the house have been recorded by the house, which has the ability to suck people into some kind of newworld.”

In a very effective sequence, the girls go downstairs into a room and find themselves in a weird, mirror image of the apartment upstairs. It is within this frozen reflection that Jenny gets trapped Diana, having slipped back into reality, is up-

“Our demons are people who become manifestations of their true character,” explained Cokliss.

fronting them can defeat them.” The girl's paths converge when Jenny locates her childhood house—which Diana now owns. Jenny arrives at Diana's house and promptly assues her from the lecherous reporters with a well-placed kick. They soon become

friends and Jenny is invited to stay with Diana. This starts an avalanche of bizarre events—the disturbing nightmares are now really happening. Dreams and reality become inseparable. Nightmares and fantasy lurk around every waking corner. Fragments of Jenny's past appear in Diana's nightmares and fragments of Diana's troublesome nightmares appear in Jenny's dreams. As Jenny goes about the house, she also experiences strange and disturbing events which she only later realizes are fragments of her past that actually happened in the same house. “It is about two women who reached the point where they could not tell the difference between a



A reporter, trapped in Diana's nightmare, turns into an obese, grotesque being.

stairs and staring into a mirror, knowing that in some way Jerry is trapped in the reflection and trying to get out. Later, the two dimension reporters who are harassing Diana become part of Diana's nightmare world, ultimately they get trapped like Jerry, and gradually deteriorate into obese, perverted parodies of their real-life selves. Diana's dreams are the vehicle and the house is its strange motor; people enter and metamorphose into what represents

their truest nature. "We did not create demons that have sharp, shiny teeth and green skin. Our demons are people who become manifestations of their true character," explained Colkine.

The complex special effects and make-up were handled by Dental Parker and his partner Nick Williams. Their company, Animated Extras, has contributed to *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *The Return Of The Jedi* and *Labyrinth*. Although



Brides were red, not, when in a "nightmare" wedding.



The girl is trapped in a "nightmare" wedding.

Dream Dances boasts some spectacular effects—a decapitation, a frozen child melting, and a fist going through a man's head," they do not dominate the film," said Williams. "They enhance the natural drama of the two girls' situation."

"After previews, people have been telling me how suspenseful, spooky and disturbing they have found the movie," noted Colkine. "I think we have succeeded in creating a very powerful, visceral roller-coaster ride by showing how someone loses and grasps the physical and psychological meaning of reality and dreams." □

Yagher

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gare film made in 1965 called *Retribution* (a tale of beef that opens up and envelops a man, a gelatin head). Nothing significant came his way until *Frisk or Treat* (1986), an experience he speaks of with great disappointment. His most significant contribution, a three-foot high, cable-controlled demon puppet called *Slaschia*, took five weeks to build yet is on screen for only a few seconds.

After the third *Nightmare* was over (Yagher sculpted the TV Freddy head, did Freddy's "screaming children" chest piece, the Freddy Snake and the hypodermis needle fingertips Freddy uses to kill off Jennifer Rubin), Yagher tackled assorted other applying Ron Perlman's makeup, from a design by Rick Baker, for the pilot of CBS' *Beauty and the Beast*; *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure*, and *The Hidden*, one of his favorite shows.

After *The Hidden*, Yagher dished 80% EVIL demon make-ups and make-up effects, including a cop "frozen in Hell" and a body double for Sandy Dennis that shows her character after she's been partially eaten by her starving cat.

Then came Yagher's biggest score to date, *Child's Play*, directed by Tom Holland, the writer-director of *Fright Night*. The story concerns a high-tech doll that is possessed by the spirit of a serial killer who practices voodoo. Catherine Hicks gives one of the dolls, named "Chucky," to her 6-year-old son. Chucky is the latest word in companion toys: his head turns, his eyes blink and he talks via cassette tapes inserted into his back. But as the killer's murderous spirit begins to reanimate Chucky, the doll's innocuous pleas for hugs give way to profanity and threats.

Child's Play was a rigorous experience for Yagher, whose design work was scrutinized by a committee of production personnel—"to the point of overkill," he thought. Oddly enough, it was the initial design for Chucky—a bear he's still in his sweet, silent stage—that most concerned Holland and his peers. "We had four or five weeks of meetings about what the Chucky doll should look like, his clothes, coloring, skin tone—it was like design-



ing something for Mattel," said Yagher. "They must have changed the design five times. Just when they seemed to be happy, someone would say, 'Don't the eyes look a little more sinister than we want?' And before you know it, everyone would look at the doll and see sinister. The final design ended up looking a lot like the first one."

Chucky was constructed by Yagher in six stages, with nine different mechanical heads, each with a different capability (including two toy versions for easy transport and a hand puppet for close-ups where Chucky hates the urethane skin in the first, porcelain-smooth stage is replaced by flexible foam latex, as he begins to come alive and take on human characteristics. In stages three to five, the surface detail gives way to stained teeth, eyelids, eyes with tiny pupils, "menacing dark brows" hair (replacing the original "closed red" locks) and a Jack Nicholson brow and hairline. The look is the *Terminator* or never-say-die stage: having been blasted with bullets and torched, Chucky is a mass of charred rubber and hot-pour vinyl—yet he keeps on coming.

Yagher and his crew built three full-body Chucky for standing, walking and sitting shots; six full-body "stand-in" Chuckys, 50 uniforms, half-shell Chuckys for

the scene in the toy store where the killer meets his maker, and two stunt dolls (for specific stunts that might have damaged the mechanical versions). Two red-cable Chuckys were manufactured so that the doll could be operated either from below or out of a wall in the scene where he is set afire and flails about. (A little person wearing a 50-percent-larger Chucky head—with mechanical eyes and brows—was used for part of this sequence. Holland also used a little person briefly in other running shots.)

Child's Play, Yagher admitted, was "the most grueling experience I've had in my career so far. I was on set every day. Chucky had just as big a role as any of the actors. It was pretty intense. I reached a point where harassment was setting in. I turned a lot of things down in the first few weeks following the completion of my work on the movie. I can pick and choose my projects at this point, so I want to take my time getting back into it."

"I think there's always a period of re-evaluation an artist goes through," Yagher concluded. "My experiences with the last two or three films I've done have made me want to produce and direct. It's the ultimate in creative control. I'm kind of tired of making other people's monsters and shooting them their way." □

The Haunted House

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Robert Usher, whose house has "every evil rooted in its stones." When a young man comes to marry Usher's sister, Usher not only warns against it, but buries her prematurely in order to have complete, final control over her. However, both she and the house rebel against his unnatural dominion, and the screenplay makes explicit that his dominion is unnatural indeed.

Besides the dreamy, surreal nature of the design and photography, the film is also effective in showing what, yet, by now, the physical manifestations of an unhappy house—falling chandeliers, doors that fly open, groans in the night. The most important contribution the film makes to the genre is its ambiguity. The house's final revenge may be the result of a supernatural power, or it may only be the projection of Usher's deadly psychoses.

The Wandering (1963), rather like *The Uninvited*, is a masterpiece which seems to have popped out of nowhere. Based on a Shirley Jackson short story, it is directed by Robert Wise's (*The Day The Earth Stood Still*) first film. It opens with a shot of a frightening Victorian mansion and a narrator speaking what might be the official motto of the genre: "An evil old house—the kind some call haunted—is like an indiscriminately waiting tale explored." The narrator is Dr. Marlowe (Richard Johnson), a psychiatrist, who has assembled a team to investigate Hill House, a New England mansion that was "born bad," starting with the death of the house's first young bride on her wedding night.

Among the team is Ross Turnbull as a cynical college student, Claire Bloom as an ESP-endowed fashion plate who happens to be lesbian, and, most importantly, Julie Harris as Eleanor, a repressed neurotic, who is still dealing with her mother's death. (The film also includes a brief but significant appearance by Lon Maxwell, James Bond's Miss Moneypenny.) As the four spend more time alone in the house, the tensions increase—among the



guests, as they bicker and develop attractions towards one another, and within the house, which seems to have developed an attraction for Eleanor. Like the local girl in *The Damned*, Eleanor seems to have been called there for a purpose, which may not be as malevolent as it appears. The film is the most atmospheric of the genre, with the "deranged, leprous" house beautifully designed and shot. What is most impressive about this imaginative and "haunting" film is that there is but one shot of physical manifestation—a reverently bulging door—but it is one you're not likely to forget.

Great Britain, which had such success serving *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* in this period, barely touched the genre until the seventies, perhaps because it seemed too American. Two reasonable entries from England came in 1973: *The First*, and *Now the Screaming Starts*, is a good Gothic shocker. A young bride comes into Fensgriffen mansion, only to find a grotesque family curse has been placed on her and her father. The manifestations are good, the curve chilling and the tension is sustained quite well as Peter Cushing, an 18th century man of reason, is brought in to investigate.

The second film, *The Legend of Hell House*, from a story by Richard Matheson, seems to be a recasting of *The Wandering* with the added attractions of explicit sex, sensationalism, and color. Even changing Hill House to Hell House adds little to the film. Again, a team composed of mediums and parapsychologists are sent to investigate an evil house, this time one owned by a particularly perverse millionaire. The manifestations are over-

dose and when Roddy McDowall, as a survivor of a previous investigation, uncovers the secret to Hell House, the results are so odd and incongruent as to be almost laughable.

The successful release of *The Exorcist* in 1973 revolutionized the horror business, and the haunted house genre was no exception. Hollywood was no longer content to lease its haunted houses to ghosts—they had to be demons, and more than one film had the Gates to Hell lurking in the basement. The most benign of these films is *Burnt Offerings* (1976), a slightly televisiony-looking film (it was directed by Dick Sharmus, creator *Dan Curtis*), in which a house possesses the souls of its inhabitants, replacing one after another as its caretaker.

1977's *The Sentinel* is a fairly grotesque affair, with Christina Raines as a model who is, unbeknownst to her, appointed as the benevolent sentinel to the Gates of Hell. Whatever interesting suspense is created out of watching the spirits of good and evil do battle is thoroughly dulled by the antics of the all-star cast and the wretched excesses of director Michael Winner, especially at the climax, where real deformed people are insensitively shuffled in among the hoard from Hell. One totally gratuitous shot, interesting to self-reference aficionados, is a cat eating a canary.

The Asphodel Floor, 1979's entry into the Satan sweepstakes, was an unimpeachable success. Although the film begins with some stirring shots, establishing the house as its own hellish entity, it gets bogged down with the same-

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THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

Although most recognized for teaming Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, Hammer Productions have turned out dozens of classic horror/sci-fi films since the mid fifties.

By The Phantom of the Movies

Hammer Films began production in 1948, essentially as the British equivalent of such Poverty Row American studios as Monogram and PRC. For the most part, Hammer bonanzas cranked out second-feature filler, including the occasional sci-fi flick (e.g. 1953's *Four-Sided Triangle*) and supernatural thriller (the 1951 sleeper *Ghost Ship*, starring future Hammer staples Michael Gough and Hazel Court).

It wasn't until the release of the first of that studio's *Quatermass* trilogy in 1955 that Hammer began specializing in horror and sci-fi. Based on a teleplay written by Nigel Kneale, *The Quatermass Experiment* (released stateside as *The Creeping Unknown*) featured American actor Brian Donlevy as the over-inquisitive Professor Q in a story about an irradiated astronaut who mutates into a rampaging monster, a plot recycled in AIP's *Night of the Blood Beast* (1958) and the 1959 Canadian creature feature, *First Men Into Space*. The low-budget film's box-office success bred the superior *Quatermass II* (a.k.a. *Evony From Space*) and, a decade later, the inventive *Five Million Years To Earth*, with Andrew Keir supplanting Donlevy in the lead role.

Hammer simultaneously branched into horror with 1957's *Curse of Frankenstein*. When this near-remake of James Whale's original *Frankenstein* clicked at the turnstiles, Hammer execs began reading the Universal monster star stable of the 30s and 40s for more material. From *Dracula* to the Wolfman to *Frankenstein's monster*, the films did, after all, have European roots.

Though widely denigrated by the British press as shabby, violent, exploitative and aesthetically well-crafted, downright handsome Hammer Productions like *The Horror of Dracula* (1958), *Brides of*

Dracula (1960), *The Curse of the Werewolf* (1961) and, to a lesser extent, *The Mummy* (1959) were as quality fare as any lavish than the majority of their American counterparts. As former Hammer head Michael Carreras has pointed out, his studio's projects were infused with a lusty Old World authenticity and sense of

Hammer created a simultaneously savage and elegant screen *Dracula*, Chris Lee, who threatened to usurp Bela's portrayal of the undead Transylvanian.

the Gothic that weren't an integral part of the American cultural fabric.

Hammer also had a wealth of professional talent, behind and in front of the camera, to lend additional gravity to horror shows that might have degenerated into amateurish quackery in less capable hands. Directors Freddie Francis, Roy Ward Baker and script writer/director Jimmy Sangster were at once inventive and efficient, and Hammer launched its own fright-film stars—Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Hazel Court, Martine Berwick, Michael Gough, et al.—to rival Universal's Golden Age roster, which had included the likes of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Lon Chaney Jr.

Many of Hammer's horror outings were also rife with the kind of deadpan irony that had been an ingredient in such early fright exercises as Boris Karloff's *The Ghoul* (1932) and *The Man Who Lived Again* (a.k.a. *The Man Who Changed His Mind*, 1938). Plot complexity also aided in films like *The Creeping Flesh* (1970), which

had fully far storylines unfolding simultaneously on their way to an eventual convergence.

That's not to overlook two even more essential ingredients in the Hammer fright-film formula: Blood and sex. *Curse of the Werewolf* and *Horror of Dracula*, to cite but two of the studio's earlier efforts, offered more in the way of carnage and cleavage than their American counterparts could possibly hope to (though the U.S. has since caught up with a vengeance). Hammer virtually invented the lesbian vampire genre (*Lost For a Vampire*, *Texas of Evil*) and transvestite horror film (*Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde*)—if you don't count Ed Wood Jr.'s *Gia* or *Glenn*, which is pretty frightening in its own right). To boot, Hammer created a simultaneously savage and elegant screen *Dracula*, Chris Lee, who threatened to usurp Bela's hitherto definitive portrayal of the undead Transylvanian.

Like Universal before, Hammer's supply of bloody good ideas eventually began running dry, and by the early 70s the increasingly troubled studio was repeating ideas a bit too often. Novelty entries like *Dracula A.D. 1972*, which set the distinguished Count among London's swinging model set, helped hasten Hammer's end as a horror-movie power, though as late as 1974-75 the studio still turned out the occasional genre gem, such as *Captain Kronos*, *Vampire Hunter*. Much of Hammer's career remains unavailable on video, but enough quality Hammer horrors have joined the cassette ranks to keep both veteran and novice fear fans busy for weeks.

The Phantom of the Movies covers the genre short and video beat by The New York Daily News. Its columns appear Sundays (editorial and reviews), the Phantom's Video Guide will be published by Oct. 1988.

Quatermass II (E.U.A. Enemy From Space) Dir: Val Guest. Starring: Brian Donlevy, Michael Ripper, Sydney James, Brian Forbes, Vera Day. 85 minutes. (Columbia)

Though modestly produced, this second installment in the Quatermass series is a breathless celluloid roller-coaster ride in an invasion of the Body Snatchers vein. American Brian Donlevy—a casting choice to which writer Nigel Kneale had vehemently objected—stars as the titular scientist whose growing curiosity about strange beings at an obscure government research facility gradually unweaves a deviously alien plot. The pace builds steadily as Professor Q and crew unravel the mystery piece by sinister piece. Along the way, they battle blob monsters, brainwashed combs and otherworldly machinery in what's essentially a science-fictionized parallel of what might have been: the U.K. had the Nazis won World War II.

The Quatermass Experiment ranks as one 50s classic that would have benefited mightily from today's high-tech production capabilities and FX expertise. In fact, the film's only major drawbacks are the (sometimes brutally cut) corners standing out in bold relief, staining credibility in a movie that otherwise works hard to sustain believability. On a pure suspense level, Quatermass II comes through with flying colors (even if it was filmed in black-and-white, easily topping most of its American sci-fi models). The original Quatermass Experiment (Shuster Cinema), while a notch below it, is also worth catching, as are *Five Million Years To Earth* (PAC) and the non-Hammer Quatermass Conclusion (1980, HBO).



Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter (1974) Dir: Brian Clemens. Starring: Horst Jensen, John Carson, Caroline Munro, Shane Briant, John Coker, Lola Dorn. 91 minutes. (Paramount)



In failed to vary its vampire formula from the by-then predictable, even deeper ate Chris Lee Dracula series, Hammer came up with Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter, released in England simply as Kronos. Instead of focusing on your standard older, somber Van Helsing character (expertly but overfamously embodied by Peter Cushing), Hammer cast newcomer Horst Jensen in the role of a dashing young swordsman with long blond locks and a wit as sharp as his ever-ready rapier. Accompanying the handsome bloodsucker-basher is John Carson as Captain K's Dr. Watson stand-in, a flycatcher well-versed in vampire lore who lends to Kronos' arsenal of anti-vampire weaponry: lenses, lightbulbs, Caroline Munro, one of Hammer's last great horror heroines, is also on paltry-truculent war. Director Brian Clemens blends the horror, swordbuckler, comedy and, to add further spice, spaghetti western genres in what ranks as one of the brightest entries from Hammer's later period.

Hammer offered another interesting twist with *Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* (Moore Video), which returned Peter Cushing to his Van Helsing role (but had the good doctor journey to China. There he took on the pesky Count Dracula with the help of several high-kicking kung fu confederates [I]. The movie also exists in truncated video versions as *Seven Brothers Meet Dracula*, so beware.)

Twins of Evil (1973) Dir: John Hough. Starring: Peter Cushing, Madeleine Collins, Mary Collins, Luan Peters, Denna Price, Jacob Black. 85 minutes. (VidAmerica)

When it came to lesbian vampire movies—as it did with ever-increasing frequency—Hammer returned former footloose in the field of virtually created with *Vampire Lovers* (Fincham)—a so-called reworking of Sheridan Le Fanu's *Carmilla*—and Jimmy Sangster's equally erotic sequel *Last Love Vampires* (HBO) under its belt. Hammer offered two noble lesbian

bloodsuckers for the sake of one in 1971's *Twins of Evil*. What's more, the twins in question were played by a brace of bequiling blond bimboes, Madeleine and Mary Collins, who were not only Playboy Playmates (but as their shared surname implies) real-life identical siblings. Only one of the pretty pair is a vampire, but what one? That task's left to the girls' uncle Gustav (Peter Cushing), an ubiquitous vampire fixer—the Ed Meese of his day. Gustav and his cronies (the Brotherhood) prance around the countryside in their never-ending quest for female batfreak victims. Meanwhile, the local vamp Count Karlstein (Dennis Hooper) enlists the services of the "bad" twin. Will feminist uncle Gustav place his innocent niece on his soul-sucking slaver? Does incest, lesbianism, blood-biting and sadism make for a pleasant afternoon's viewing? *Twins of Evil* is a prime example of Hammer's mix of sensuous females, deadpan wit and high-energy horror.



Other Hammer horror classics currently available on cassette include:

And Now the Screaming Starts (Fox Video)
The Asylum (Interglobal)
Ayazul (Fox Video)
Beast Must Die (Fox Video)
Berserk (MCA/Columbia)
Blood Beast Terror (MCA/Video)
Children of Blood (MFP)
Creeing Fear (MCA/Columbia)
Dance of the Vampires (Warner)
Dance of the Werewolf (MCA)
Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde (HBO)
Flesh and the Female Vampire (MCA/Video)
Four-Sided Triangle (Shuster Cinema)
Gorgon (MCA/Columbia)
Hearts of the Ripper (VidAmerica)
Honor of Dracula (Warner)
Kronos (Moore Video)
Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires (MCA/Video)
Legend of the Werewolf (Moore)
Last For a Vampire (HBO)
Murder (Shuster Cinema)
Mummy (Warner)
Scars of Dracula (HBO)
Scream and Scream Again (Warner)
Tales From the Crypt (Warner)
Theater of Blood (MCA/Video)

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

AIP founder Sam Arkoff and director Roger (Save A Buck) Corman are known as the Johnny Appleseeds of genre films—grooming the likes of Vincent Price, Jack Nicholson, Dick Miller and producing scores of wonderfully charming, sleazoid films.

By The Phantom of the Movies

Even before Hammer execs began casting their collective gaze toward the horror horizon, American-International Pictures founders Samuel Z. Arkoff and James Nicholson were squarely aiming their low-budget products at the teen drive-in market. The standard studio B movie had been replaced by TV, the double feature concept was starting to fade, so Arkoff and Nicholson specialized in giving kids—who comprised, then as now, a large percentage of the movie-going public—what television wouldn't: an excuse to get out of the house, head for the drive-in and, between necking sessions, soak up some authentic, unpretentious horror, sleaze and rock 'n' roll.

"There weren't many B pictures being made in 1954," one-time AIP producer Alex Gordon (*The She Creature*, *Atomic Submarines*) recalls today. "We came along at just the right time." According to Gordon, most early AIP films were budgeted between \$60,000 and \$105,000, with a 6-10 day shooting schedule. Under the direction of cost-conscious whiz-kid Roger Corman, with assists from producer Gordon, scripts by Lou Rusoff and Charles B. Griffith, and an informal repertory company featuring the likes of Jack Nicholson, Dick Miller, Beverly Garland, Betty Jones, Maraland, AIP turned out movies, usually on a double-feature basis, at a truly amazing clip.

AIP's titles were nothing if not enterprisingly hard: *I Was A Teenage Frankfurter*, *Invasion of the Saucermen*, *Bucket of Blood*, *Not of This Earth*. And while they sometimes failed to deliver on a spectacle level, most were surprisingly well-made and contained an ingredient that could be neither bought

nor faked—i.e., a genuine, sleazy charm.

Several of the company's most beloved features were produced by AIP's low-low-budget wing, Filmgroup. It was under the Filmgroup banner that Corman knocked out *The Little Shop of Horrors*—a film that would later spawn an entire mini-entertainment industry—in a reported two-and-a-half days. *The Last Woman on Earth*, *Creature From the Haunted Sea*, *The Beast*

Most early AIP films were budgeted between \$60,000 and \$105,000, with a 6-10 day shooting schedule.

From Haunted Cave, the war drama *Blood Island* and the juvenile delinquent expose *T-Bird Gang* represented other notable Filmgroup efforts.

Once Hammer's comparatively gleamy Gothic horrors began scoring with American kids, AIP decided to go upscale and assigned Corman the task of duplicating sleazy Hammer-styled fright films, most of which held up pretty well today. Vincent Price, who worked for both studios, became AIP's answer to Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, starring in such loose-but-fun Edgar Allan Poe adaptations as *The House of Usher* (1960), *Tales of Terror* (1963), *The Raven* (1963), *Tomb of Ligeia* (1964) and *Manque of the Red Death* (1964). AIP kept its genre roster going and growing well into the 70s with the nature-fights-back classic *Fogs*, *Coast Fogs*, *Vampire*, the equal-opportunity blood-sucker *Blacula*, a sardonic sci-fi/civil-rights parable *The Thing*

With *Two Heads* and similar gleefully sleazoid fare.

As in the case with Hammer's horrors, the video availability of AIP's creature features remains a hit-and-miss affair. Most of the company's early genre efforts—owned by Sam Arkoff—remain unavailable. Reports that they'd be licensed by MCA's ThrillerVideo proved unfounded. More recently, some 45 vintage AIP titles were rumored to be slated for imminent release by a major home video company. Although that hasn't happened, most of AIP's later movies, including Corman's Poe series, are on tape. Herewith follows a recommended Corman quartet, plus a list of AIP fright titles that are available on video.

AIP Videos

Abominable Dr. Phibes (Dr. Phibes Rises Again) (Warner)
Angry Red Planet (MCA)
Blacula (MCA)
Coast Fogs, *Vampire* (MCA)
Demetrius 10 (Video: VHS only)
Derwent Manor (Embassy)
Full of the Moon (Columbia)
Fogs (Warner)
Master of the World (Warner)
Oblong Box (MCA)
Pit and the Pendulum (Warner)
The Raven (Warner)
Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel (MCA Video)
Scream, Blacula, Scream
Screaming Skull (Cinema Group)
Tales of Terror (Warner)
The Terror (Param)
Tomb of Ligeia (MCA)
X—The Man With the X-Ray Eyes

Filmgroup

Beast From Haunted Cave
Bucket of Blood
Creature From the Haunted Sea
Dead's Partner
Last Woman on Earth
Little Shop of Horrors (Cinema Group)

Masque of the Red Death (1964) Dir: Roger Corman. Starring: Vincent Price, Hazel Court, Jane Asher, David Weston, Patrick Magee, Skip Martin. (Vestron Lighting)

The best of Corman's Edgar Allan Poe adaptations, *Masque of the Red Death* is probably Poe's greatest directorial effort, reaching beyond Hammer into Ingmar Bergman territory, especially in those eerily poignant tableaux showing a crimson-cloaked Death marching wearily but inevitably through reveiled, fog-shrouded woods. Vincent Price plays the decadent, aristocratic dandy-usher Prospero, who gathers his fellow nobles at his castle for what proves to be a final round of degenerate revels as the

The Premature Burial (1962) Dir: Roger Corman. Starring: Ray Milland, Hazel Court, Richard Ney, Heather Angel, Alan Napier, John Clarke. 81 minutes. (Vestron)

Is the chief of many AIP outings, veteran actor former matinee idol Ray Milland assumes what would normally have been the Vincent Price role—playing Guy Carwell, a 19th century man afflicted by spells of catatonia by Obsessed with the idea that he will be mistaken for dead and buried alive, as his father was, he builds a crypt outfitted with numerous and ingenious fail-safe escape devices. While Daniel Haller's sets and Corman's camera succeed in capturing the cold-Gothic atmosphere, the film is basically filler which leads up to its truly chilling sequences: a night-mare sequence wherein Milland awakes from temporary death to find himself entombed, and all his carefully planned suicide safeguards fail him, and finally the climactic scene that sees his nightmare come true. Those terror tableaux alone make *The Premature Burial* easily worth the price of a rental.

X—The Man With the X-Ray Eyes (1963) Dir: Roger Corman. Starring: Ray Milland, Diane Van Der Vlis, John Hoyt, Harold J. Stone, Don Rickles. 78 minutes. (Warner)



William Castle's The Tingler (1959) may have been the first official LSD movie, and Corman's *The Top* (1967) the definitive acid-exploration experience, but Corman's sci-fi foray *X—The Man With the X-Ray Eyes* proves the most harrowingly hallucinogenic film.

Fresh from his *Premature Burial* stint and his directorial debut for AIP (*Perils in the Near Zero*), Ray Milland appears

as Dr. Kassar: a scientist who devises a formula enabling him to see through solid matter. The transformation is less enlightening than prophylaxis when he employs his newfound ocular powers to penetrate women's clothing: a not predict winning numbers in Vegas. But soon he starts seeing more than he bargained for, starting towards eventual madness and the film's reveal-the climax. *The Man With the X-Ray Eyes* (which also features Don Rickles as a dandy barker) is packed with startling and surreal imagery.

Tales of Terror (1962) Dir: Roger Corman. Starring: Vincent Price, Peter Lorne, Basil Rathbone, Debra Paget, Maggie Pierce, Leone Gage. 88 minutes. (Warner)

Taking his cue from the Universal all-star terror teamings of the 30s and 40s, this would feature several screen-screen guests in a single film (e.g. 1944's *Mists of Frankenstein*, with Boris, Lon Chaney Jr., John Carradine, George Zucco, Glenn Strange, J. Carol Nash and Lionel Atwill). Corman assembled Vincent Price, Peter Lorne and Basil Rathbone for this loose, lively Pot-est. Scripter Richard Matheson actually drew from four Edgar Allan tales for this tripartite film. The best vignette, "A Clerk for Amontillado," pairs Price as a lopsided wine-taster, and Lorne, cuckolded hubby who walls up his adulterous wife while wine cellar. While *Tales of Terror*, with its widescreen Panavision sweep, is a movie specifically tailored to the big screen, the video version conveys enough of the flick's thoroughly sick mania to pass it off as 88 minutes well-spent.

A TRILOGY OF SHOCK AND HORROR!



Plague creeps ever nearer.

While there are touches of humor here—as when Prospero, busy tending the local peasants, sighs, "I have to do everything myself!"—*Masque* is a generally somber affair teeming of doomed amorality. This mood is pervasively dramatized by a scene when court dwarf Hop Toad cuts a particularly nasty robber (Patrick Magee) into extending the ruler masquerade party in an ape costume, then dragging him from the chandelier and gleefully eating him on fire (an incident lifted from an unrelated Poe story called "Hop Frog"). Innocence is represented by Jane Asher, playing a peasant lass Prospero seeks to corrupt. Aiding immeasurably are the contributions of set designer Daniel Haller, who works miracles on a modest budget, and cinematographer Nicolas Roeg, who soon went on to outclass Corman by directing such stylishly bizarre cult fests as *Performance* and *Don't Look Now*. Despite its occasionally sive stretches, *Masque* is a movie that's not to be missed.

Richard Fleischer

Richard Fleischer—does the name ring a bell? It should—you probably own three or four of his films and have seen at least a dozen more—some of which are considered the finest and most popular of the genre.

By Lowell Goldsman

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea... The Vikings... Fantastic Voyage... Seven Days in May... Conan the Destroyer... Amityville III in 3-D... Red Sonja... You've seen 4 or at least heard of them all—so how come the director's name isn't on the tip of your tongue? Maybe it's because Richard Fleischer is an old-fashioned Hollywood pro, a product of the studio system, not an auteur. With little fanfare or self-promotion, he has steadily carved out a solid career—47 movies in 46 years, many of them memorable sci-fi and fantasy films.

Fleischer is the son of legendary animation artist, Max Fleischer, creator of *Betty Boop* and *Popeye the Sailor*. He entered the film industry in 1943, joining RKO as an editor on newswreels, and later directing shorts. He graduated to features in 1948 and made a name for himself helming realistic crime thrillers such as *The Cigarette Girl*, *Trapped*, *Armored Car Robbery*, and *The Narrow Margin*. Fleischer's more recent, high-budget films include *Compulsion*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *The Boston Strongarm*,



Captain Nemo is about to send an electric charge through the hull to repel attacking monsters in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.

Tomb! Tomb! Tomb! The New Centurions, *Mr. Majestyk* and *Menahote*.

The soft-spoken, seventy-one year old director recently talked with *Horrorfan* about some of his memorable movies in the genre.

HF: Before *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* you were noted as a director of tight little thrillers. How did this elaborate fantasy project come to your attention?

Fleischer: Well, it's an interesting story. My father, Max Fleischer, and Walt Disney were great competitors, and not exactly on the friendliest of terms. Still, Walt Disney offered me the picture. He had seen all of my films and said he was very impressed by them. He really wanted me to do this film. So I took the job, knowing it was obviously going to be a very big picture. It was an important film for the studio and I was very flattered.

HF: Was the movie made at the Disney Studios?

Fleischer: All the interior scenes were shot there. They built a huge tank for some underwater scenes. The rest of the underwater stuff was shot in the Bahamas.

HF: The highlight of the picture was the sub's battle with a giant squid. Did you encounter many problems with the squid?

Fleischer: It was quite complicated. The first squid that was built didn't work. It was very primitive and was manipulated with



Reduced to microscopic size, scientists led by Raquel Welch (left) explore the human body in *Fantastic Voyage*.

wires, which made it too heavy. It would always break and start falling apart. The water would run in. After I shot with that squid for several days, we abandoned the sequence. Disney asked me to go on to something else while they tried to solve the automation problem. They were just starting to get into the field at that time. It was all brand new stuff. Finally, they did develop a whole brand new mechanical squid. It still needed about thirty or forty people to manipulate it, but it could do a lot of things well.

HF: How long did it take to shoot the picture?

Fleischer: About six months.

HF: How much did the movie cost to make?

Fleischer: For the time, it was considered an enormously expensive picture. It cost a little under \$5 million. It actually cost more than *Snow White*.

HF: Do you feel the film still holds up?

Fleischer: It looks like it was made yesterday. The film still looks pretty good.

HF: Let's move on to *Fantastic Voyage*. What attracted you to the project?

Fleischer: They had a film treat-



A raging worm as one strives to obscure the mechanical squid and make it look believable.

ment for it at Fox. The picture was offered to me by Richard Zanuck (Vice President in charge of production). The producer was Saul David (*Our Man Flint*, *Eagles' Nest*). I thought it had great possibilities for an unusual science fiction film. I don't think there had been a big, important science fiction film until we made *Fantastic Voyage*. Anyway, I went to work with Saul David and we developed a screenplay with Harry Kleiner (*By Night, Le Mans*).

HF: When did you start shooting *Fantastic Voyage*?

Fleischer: In 1964. The film was

about a year in pre-production. The picture was very difficult to prepare and difficult to shoot.

HF: Were miniatures often used throughout the shoot?

Fleischer: Actually, the miniatures in the picture were what I'd call "macroatures." They were enormous enlargements of actual things. For example, the heart was the largest model of a heart ever made, about a hundred times larger than an actual heart. We also made macroatures of lungs and the inner ear.

HF: Was the film scientifically accurate?

Fleischer: Oh, yeah. We had plenty of technical advisors. It was all very thoroughly researched. The picture was very accurate.

HF: Did *Fantastic Voyage* do well at the box office?

Fleischer: It didn't do as well as it could have done. The people who were trying to sell the film really didn't know how to handle it. They had simply never seen a movie like it before. The ads didn't let the audience know it was an intelligent science fiction film. Instead, the public probably had the impression that it was some sort of monster movie. Nowadays I think the sales department would know how to take a different approach.

HF: Did you see Joe Dante's *Invaders?*

Fleischer: Yes. It kind of learned a little on *Fantastic Voyage*. It was very inaccurate. It really has nothing at all to do with the human body. I was trying to impress



Fleischer people the picture as realistic and ideal in *Invaders*.

the audience with the majesty of the human body.

HF: *Soylent Green* is another science fiction of yours that has developed a cult following. How do you regard the film?

Fleischer: The charm of the picture to me was that I didn't use any scientific apparatus. The future isn't going to look like what everyone thinks it's going to look like. It's going to look like today, but much worse. The film's really a peek into the future.

HF: Did you read Harry Harrison's novel *Make Room! Make Room!* to prepare the picture?

Fleischer: Yes, the film was generally based on the ideas of the book, but, we actually had very little to go on. The whole story had to be developed, using the book as a springboard.

HF: The film has an interesting, often gloomy look to it. How was that achieved?

Fleischer: I experimented for several weeks before the shoot with cinematographer Dick Kline (*Camelot*, *The Andromeda Strain*, *Kung Kung*) in order to achieve that look. To create the feeling of claustrophobia, we used long lenses to compress the background. We also devised some interesting water filters to achieve certain colors. I didn't want to use a hard filter. I wanted to capture the heavy atmosphere on film.

HF: The film is also notable as Edward G. Robinson's final screen performance. Ironically, his last scene was his own death.

Fleischer: That's true. You know, we really didn't know he was going to die so soon. He had been very, very sick, but we were still able to get insurance for him on the picture. He actually was very well during the shooting of the film.

HF: What do you think of *Conan the Barbarian*?

Fleischer: I liked it. I thought it was a very, very well done film, but I thought they took a rather haughty approach to the material. I don't really think you can take that kind of story and character seriously. You can make it realistic, but also make it a little bit tongue in cheek. When I made the sequel, *Conan the Destroyer*, I pumped as much humor as I could into it. I wanted to let the audience know

we were just having a little fun.

HF: The film received some glowing reviews.

Fleischer: The reviews were better than the original *Conan*. The film was also a very big success.

HF: You made *Amityville III* in 3-D. How did shooting in 3-D change



from when you first used it for *Arms in the early fifties?*

Fleischer: Well, one of the most important elements in shooting 3-D is the ability to change the distance between the two lenses. You have to photograph the movie on two separate pieces of film. When we did the first picture in the fifties, we were able to adjust the distance between the two lenses on the camera to give you most of the 3-D effects. For example, how far apart or how close together. In the new system, you cannot change that distance and depth. You have to struggle to find it. That's the main thing wrong with the system.

HF: What's wrong with *Red Sonja*? Why weren't you satisfied with the film?

Fleischer: I wasn't too happy with the final screenplay for one thing. It just didn't work for me. Another problem was that there weren't very many competent actors in the cast. The only ones with onscreen experience were Arnold (Schwarzenegger) and Sandahl Bergman. Brigitte Nielsen had never acted before in her life. The little boy (Gizelle Kyala Jr.) had to carry a lot of the film, and he was also very very new to film.

The film just didn't pull. It's really not one of my favorites.

HF: You've been making movies

since the late forties. What's the secret to your long and successful career?

Fleischer: I think out of the reasons for my longevity is that my pictures are so well crafted and constructed that they don't go out of date. Like *The Narrow Margin* (1952) recently and was quite impressed. It's also kind of a cult film.

HF: What's in store for the future?

Fleischer: Sam David and I have just optioned a science fiction story which I think is quite wonderful. It's an old book called *What Mad Universe*. It was published in 1949. The author is Frederic Brown. I read it a long time ago and always liked it. We hope to get that off the ground soon. As you know, I've always been attracted to science fiction.

THE FILMS OF RICHARD FLEISCHER

CHILD OF DROVING (1946)
BARLO (1947)
DESIGN FOR DEATH (1948)
SO THIS IS NEW YORK (1948)
BODYGUARD (1948)
MADE MEN LAUGH (1949)
THE CLAY PIGEON (1949)
FOLLOW ME QUIETLY (1949)
TRAPPED (1949)
ARMED CAR ROBBERY (1950)
THE NARROW MARGIN (1952)
THE HAPPY TIME (1952)
ARENA (1953)
SEVEN LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA (1954)
VIOLET SATURDAY (1955)
THE GIRL IN THE VELVET SWING (1955)
BANDIDO (1956)
BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL (1956)
THE YOUNGS (1958)
THREE THOUSAND HILLS (1958)
COMPULSION (1958)
CRACK IN THE MIRROR (1959)
THE MID GAMBLE (1961)
BARBARAS (1963)
FANTASTIC VOYAGE (1965)
DR. DOOLITTLE (1967)
THE BOSTON STRANGLER (1967)
CHIT (1969)
TORA! TORA! TORA! (1970)
TEN IN LINDSAY PLACE (1971)
SEE NO EVIL (1971)
THE LAST RUN (1974)
THE NEW CONTINUATIONS (1975)
SOLUBLE GEM (1975)
THE DON IS DEAD (1975)
THE SPICES GANG (1976)
MR. MAJESTIC (1976)
BANDWAGON (1976)
THE INCREDIBLE SARAH (1978)
CRACKED SWORDS (1978)
ASPHALT (1980)
THE ACE (1980) (1980)
TOUGH ENOUGH (1980)
AMITYVILLE 3-D (1983)
CONAN THE DESTROYER (1984)
RED SONJA (1985)
THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY (1987)

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first run of your picture.

HP: Didn't you have some problems with a film released as *Screeners*?

JW: It was one of the most unusual things we ever did while I was working in the New World advertising department. We had a film called *Island of the Fishmen*, an Italian abomination starring Barbara Bach and Joseph Cotten. It was a PG-rated monster movie and very, very dull and unexciting. Roger picked it up for a song. He said, "Jim, make it look like *Friday The 13th*." "OK, no problem." So I did that campaign around it called *Something Waits in the Dark*, the title Roger first wanted. It went out and died. After the first weekend of dismal figures, with about \$600 left in the budget, we recalled it. *Screeners* was popular at the time, so I said, "OK, let's call the film *Screeners*." Remember that old "Lights Out?"



Actor Robert De Niro in *Not of This Earth*.

record album that Perry Asherman used to hawk in the back of "Famous Monsters of Filmland" magazine? Well, I was one of the misguided dupes who ordered that record from Captain Company. One of the best cuts was the shot about the man turned inside out, and I figured people would pay five bucks to see a man turned inside out on screen. So I plastered that idea on the poster with this hard shot of a man turned inside out, complete with trousers hanging off his waist. Well, we opened in Atlanta at about forty theatres, two of them drive-ins, located in pre-

dominantly blue collar neighborhoods. These people went used to horror movies, so we had a great opening night. A lot of cars showed up, they hooked their horns and the film began.

The next morning, Saturday at about 7:30 A.M., Roger Corman calls me at home—which was unheard of—and asks calmly, "Jim, what did you put in those ads for *Screeners*? We had a little problem last night. It seems they rated at the drive-in—shredded the screen, bombed the popcorn stand, almost killed the assistant manager." I couldn't believe it. "Is there a man turned inside out in the film?" asked Corman. "Well, no... not exactly," I stammered over the wire, thinking of what I was going to say at the unemployment office on Monday.

"How about the TV spots?" was Corman's next haymaker punch. I was speechless. How can I tell him there's not a frame of footage from the actual feature in the television ads, that I had Bob Botten come in as a favor to shoot some special "monster" footage especially for the spots? Since it's nearly impossible to con Corman, I took a hard swallow and fessed up.

Strangely enough, he wasn't all that upset. Needless to say, we again had to pull the picture out of release and add the TV commercial footage to the feature....but the expense was minimal. I think it was the fact I tread something during and off the wall that appealed to Roger's own grand sense of the movie...hell, if I hadn't thought of it first, he might have pulled the same stunt himself. I'm just glad I didn't go all the way over the edge like I planned—calling the pic "Edgar Allan Poe's *Screeners*." God knows who would have rated then. Poe, himself, might have risen from the grave if only to turn a certain young filmmaker inside out! **HP:** Why were you so determined to remake a Roger Corman film and why did you choose *Not of This Earth*?

JW: I always had it in my mind to remake one of Roger's pictures in exactly the same amount of time that Roger took, and make it as good as I could in that time. *Not of This Earth* fit all of the requirements, it had very few locations,



Original ad for *Screeners*.

(and) we already had a "house" set at the studio. I talked to Roger about it and he said, "Fine, now just go do it." Without a contract, I made a bet with him that I could do it in the same amount of time he took to make his (version), which was eleven days. He said, "You'll never make a picture in eleven days," and I said, "Yes, I will!" so I set out to do it. I hired Traci Lords without interviewing anybody else. I said, "Even if she can't act, I'll still have her in the picture because it'll get me a lot of publicity—we'll have a nice little video when it's all over," never suspecting how it would all turn out. I expected to make a direct-to-video picture. Traci came in and she did a very good reading, and it turned out to be a fun experience. (By the time) the picture was all finished and cut together, Roger had become aware of all this publicity. He looked at me and said, "...the film needs a little bit of this, a little bit of that. You won the bet, but would you mind taking an extra day to go out and film new sequences?" So I went out for a day, actually one evening, shot a couple of new sequences and put them in the film. So the picture was made in basically eleven and one half days. I

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The Haunted House

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what ludicrous events that happen to the poor Lutz family (not to mention the sequels). Worse than the silliness and over-acting are the contradictory explanations for the house's evil character. At least *The Shining* had the good taste to stick by its claim that the house was the entrance to Hell, something this film forgets halfway through.

In its mad rush to accommodate its new ecstatic tenants Hollywood forgets how much of a haunted house movie's personality comes from the personality of the haunter. There is a great deal of horror in keeping the specter's identity or motivations a mystery as long as possible. Ghosts come in many forms, needy or nasty, frightened or frightening. Deformed hordes from Hell make a pretty unappealing statement. The whole *Exorcist* rage is a sorry aberration on the genre.

A return to a good ghost story was badly needed by 1979, and Peter Medak's sensitive and unjustly overlooked *The Changing of the Hill* admirably. George C. Scott plays a widower musician who buys a beautiful, huge house in Seattle, only to find it was the scene of the cruel murder of a child and was political cover-up. The crime is frighteningly re-enacted and the mixture of the supernatural and the real has rarely been handled so effectively. Medak fills the large space of the house with such real claustrophobia that everything seems haunted, including the entire city of Seattle. Scott gives an excellent performance in this sleeper, one of the new films of the genre ever to survive numerous screenings outside of the house.

On the heels of *The Changing of the Hill* came the King Lear of horror films, one of the greatest haunted house movies of them all, Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* (1980), based on Stephen King's novel. Much has been said and written about this exceptional film, but it's worth considering it as part of the genre. The Overlook Hotel is a vast, clean hotel, but Kubrick imbues it with a distinct and claustrophobic breed of horror. Not for him are the chandeliers and cobswebs—



James Broden and Margo Kolder portray the unfortunate Lutz couple in *The Amityville Horror*.

he uses the ghostly images of tormented blood, desecrated corpses, maddening moans and cries, so it seems, bizarre sexual acts involving a man in a chainsaw suit.

The great ambiguity of the movie lies in its treatment of Jack Nicholson's paranoid Jack Torrance. Has Torrance, like Kubrick's Usher, always been mad, or has the hotel inflamed his mind and possessed him to carry out his homicidal tendencies, the way it has with former occupants? Kubrick never tells you for certain, but as a kind of spooncatching exercise, it's worth watching the movie again and trying to spot what's real and what might be supernatural.

Steven Spielberg, not to be outdone, produced the ghost-story *Poltergeist* (1982) in which the classic American family is possessed by their own possessions, most specifically their pre-fab house, part of a development built on top of a cemetery. Although the builders might not have respected the tradition of

the dead, Spielberg and his director, Tobe Hooper, do. The film is clever and visually exciting, bringing the conventions of the genre right into the center of every American home—the television set. The film includes the now-obligatory team of parapsychologists and for the scene of the small child's rescue from "the other side" alone, it deserves its great success. But the film is a bit of cheat. The house is declared "clean" more than halfway through the film, so the film's second climax—a huge production number anyway—starts to muck the bromelids.

What these last three very different and very idiosyncratic films do is taking the element of human sickness into the genre. In the 50s, the evil was out there, in the later seventies, it was internal. Mirroring a nation's post-Vietnam, post-Watergate mood, the films reflect an evil in ourselves, in our homes. The political

scandal at the heart of *The Changeling*. Jack Torrance's paranoia and alcoholic abusiveness, the greedy demonstrations that ignite the poltergeist's fury—these are specific, harsh, and recognizable images of evil within ourselves, metamorphosed into full-screen nightmares.

But when Hollywood chose to emphasize gore and effects in the eighties, it saw the haunted house as an eccentric old relative—quaint, boring, more a figure of fun than respect, and so the haunted house scene again to have given over to the comedies. 1988 produced *House of Long Shadows*, the story of a writer forced to write a mystery overnight in a haunted house. The film has poor and thankfully brief performances by Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, and John Carradine, but the scariest thing about it is the notion of Don Aron Jr. as a writer. *Ghostbusters* in 1984 was, of course, an immense hit, but its high-tech exorcism techniques seem to have more to do with the absurd demons of *The Scarecrow* than with the ghosts of *The Mounting*. However, it certainly has made ectoplasmic slime difficult to take seriously ever again.

Three light-hearted films in 1989 were dead losses, so to speak. *Howe* was another unimpeachable success, an incoherent mishmash of some of the best and worst haunted house films of the previous decade. Not much better is Gene Wilder's *Haunted Honeymoon*. At least he had the taste to return to the horror comedies of the 1940's, but this film posches the plot of *Clue* and the *Conan* with none of its wit, although Don DeLancey in drag is a pretty frightening sight. *The Canterville Ghost*, a TV version of the Oscar Wilde story, offers a kind of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in ectoplasmic drag, as a young girl befriends arotchety old ghost. What saves it, indeed, makes part of it quite good, is John Gielgud's wry performance as the ghost. He captures the poise, poignance of readiness of those consigned to the other side.

Michael Keaton is not nearly as charming as the boo-exorcist in Tim Burton's wildly imaginative *Batman* (1988), which has the

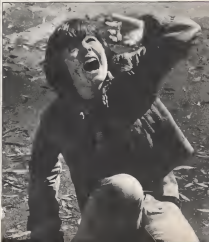
distinction of being the first yuppie haunted house film. A yuppie couple in Vermont get killed before their time, in a car crash, intent to sign that says "Come Back Again Soon"! They do come back, as a pair of ineffectual ghosts who are incapable of driving out the reviling family which has moved into their old house. It's not just that they aren't mean enough, they lack the imagination. In one wonderfully self-referential moment, the human family's sympathetic young daughter suggests to the ghosts that instead of running around in designer sheets, they try stuff "like in *Night of the Living Dead*." Even a hilarious scene in which they possess the family to the tune of Harry Belafonte's *Day-O* (with its near-supernatural chorus, "Daylight come and we want to go home!") backfires—they can't compete with those scary movies.

This is what gives the film its considerable charm, as well as its

sad truth—the ghostly antics found in *Tipper* just don't seem to cut it anymore, at home or overseas. *Batman*'s ghostly couple are fit only for an amusement park—leave the really scary stuff to Freddy and Jason. The film confirms the obsolescence of mysterious atmosphere, its heart is clearly in the garish visuals. It even ends with the ultimate haunted house vision of the night see, as ghostly couple and human couple set up happy housekeeping together.

But that may be the haunted house's greatest quality: its elastic (or ectoplasmic) resilience. Vampires and slayers may come and go, but as long as there are ghosts in the closet, and human beings silly enough to want to look for them, there will always be haunted house films. And that, if nothing else, should make one sleep better at night. □

David Ruffo (Lee Montgomery) screams for his mother as the chimney begins to collapse on him in *Scare Offspring*.



They Live

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At its core, Carpenter says, *They Live* is a "paranoia movie" in the vein of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. "There were two ways I could have done the story, from a woman's point of view or a man's point of view. Both would have been totally different films. It was when I started becoming friends with Roddy that I began to see a way to tell the story through the point of view of the working homeless. He's not your average middle-class hero; he's out of work, impoverished. As the existential Western hero, he's the one who walks into town and lights a fire under the homeless community that pushes them into an organized rebellion. The police attempt to crush it—they've been told it's a Communist front."

"This is the first anti-80s, anti-yuppie movie," Carpenter said when asked about the film's underlying attitude. "It truly addresses the idea of 'living for today.' It's about betrayal, about selfishness, about the dismantling of the middle class. It's about what's happening in the 80s: the rich are richer and the middle class is moving in both directions—up and down—but there's nobody in the middle anymore. It's not a message film, but it's there to read it if you want to."

To further their insidious goals, the aliens have infected corrupt humans who are willing to cooperate for financial rewards. "If you see somebody driving a Mercedes and wearing a gold Rolex watch, they're probably an alien," Carpenter cracked. "The aliens get humans to collaborate with them for wealth and power. You see people whose bank account has suddenly gotten bigger and now have that house they always wanted. These creatures appeal to our capitalistic nature; they know man will do anything to be rich, even sell his soul."

Minorities—mostly the working class and the unemployed—are the unlikely heroes of *They Live*. "These individuals don't fit the ideals of American society," related Carpenter. "John is the loser whose world collapses around him.



Piper has even better days as Carpenter (left) discusses the screen

He starts to investigate the underground movement and finds out what's going on in the church, he wants to break the aliens' signal and warn the rest of the world. Frank's point of view is, 'Listen, man, I've got a wife and kids I'm trying to support, I'm not gonna rock the boat.' He's going to walk the white line because he has to. John's feeling is that the white line is in the middle of the road, and it's the worst place to drive. They diverge as friends but they eventually come together and find themselves working toward the same end."

Part of the fun for Carpenter in getting back to a more economical approach to making movies is the creative rush that comes with an accelerated pace. "In low-budget filmmaking, you have to think faster on your feet—it's fun. You pick two angles when you shoot a scene and then you move on. It's the basics of filmmaking, without the politics. You have to figure out how you're going to tell a story on screen before you shoot it. And you limit your options because you only have so much money to spend."

While *They Live* is budgeted at "well under \$5 million," Carpenter maintains that there's no shortage of quality stuff on screen. One of the film's selling points, in fact, is a complicated 7 1/2-minute fight sequence between Piper and David, staged by stunt coordinator Jeff Imada (who also plays several of the alien-possessed). Carpenter feels, of the restrained brawl between John Wayne and Victor

McLaglen in *The Quiet Man*. "It's basically a wrestling match in the middle of the film," Carpenter explained. "There's never been a fight like this in any movie, ever. When you see the film, you'll see what I mean. It's real different."

Frank Caracena, who designed the special make-up for *Prince of Darkness*, has created the alien invaders in *They Live*, and done the "straighter" make-up as well. "The lead actors are wearing mostly standard make-up, with the exception of [the] fight scenes between John and Frank," Caracena said. "The fight establishes a bond between them, and it goes on for a long time. We needed to show the emotions these guys carried around by making them really go at each other, yet we didn't want to turn their faces to pulp. I think we've managed to accomplish that pretty well."

While Carpenter is committed to working in the low-budget arena, his contract gives him the option to do a "big outside picture." He may do one as his next project, he says. Why go back to a studio after all he's been through? "It's always the script," he replied. "They get you every time. They send you this unbelievable script and you say, 'I could do something with that.' I'm more mature than I used to be, I can handle it a lot better now. You learn to accept certain rules. I don't ever want to get myself into another situation where I have to deal with the kinds of people I had to contend with at Fox. But I'm a good whore. I go where I'm pushed." □

Wynorski

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felt very happy with the final results.

HP: Considering the notoriety of her past scandal (involving X-rated movies), wasn't the casting of Tracy Lords a risk?

JW: When I first met her, she was very wary of me because she had been approached by a lot of sleazy producers in the past. And I was a little bit wary of her because I didn't know what kind of person she would be. On our second meeting, I gave her a copy of the old (1967) script and said, "Read these scenes and come in and do them." If she was any more near good, she was going to be in the picture because of her reputation. I felt that on a low budget, the only way I could spice up the film was to put somebody of notoriety in the picture, but no one of notoriety in terms of acting—who'd want to be in a picture like *Nor of This Earth*, especially if it was being made in eleven and a half days? But Tracy needed the exposure of a legitimate film, she wanted to show that she could act, and she was willing to do it for less than big money in return for all the other benefits that an appearance in a legitimate film, would have.

I look at cassettes as being the new drive-in. You can make as much money off a worldwide cassette sale as you can off a drive-in.

HP: Is your *Nor of This Earth* significantly different from Coorman's version?

JW: Mine is more of a comedy send-up. The original is done very, very straight except for a scene with Dick Miller, as a vacuum cleaner salesman, coming to the front door and trying to sell a vacuum cleaner to an alien. Well, we kept that and put in a lot more. We have a Strip-O-Gram girl come to the front door instead of the alien peeing up three bums in a scene performed in the '67 original, he picks up three hookers. □

God Told Me To

Continued from page 32

child, Elizabeth Mollen (Sybil Schreyer), who reluctantly reveals (in a flashback) that she too was abducted by an alien ship and then artificially inseminated. Nicholas is devastated when his mother is appalled by him. She gave birth to a child she never felt was hers. Disregarding his fears, driven to seek out this Christ-like being, to learn his own origin and true identity. Nothing creepy takes on a new meaning when Nicholas confronts and battles his half-brother on the top level of an abandoned tenement. In a shocking climax, amniotic streams

If aliens came to earth, would they assume the guise of a deity?

of glowing golden light, they wage war as the building collapses around them.

The film was shot entirely with handheld cameras, which creates an intimate, sometimes crude, yet authentic look. Cohen also utilizes and incorporates in the film New York City festivities (St. Patrick's parade and the Feast of San Gennaro), which serve to give a richly textured and grandiose quality. But the real strength of this movie lies in the outstanding performances by seasoned professionals. Sandy Dennis is positively spooky, and steals the movie as Martha, Nicholas' ex-wife, whose life was spent and ultimately wasted—caring for Nicholas, whom she knew never really belonged. As Peter Nicholas, Tony Lo Bianco (he replaced Robert Forster several weeks into production) gives a gritty portrayal that is both believable and sympathetic.

Cohen paints people as pathetic robots, to be programmed and conditioned by God, aliens or television—take your pick. If aliens came to earth, would they assume the guise of a deity? Was Christ an extraterrestrial? Is Larry Cohen's portrait hanging in the Vatican? *God Told Me To* certainly gives one much to think about. Don't miss it! □

Fright Night

Continued from page 32

Charlie and Peter. "She early resembles Jerry Dandridge. She's sexy and alluring—we can understand why Charlie falls under her spell. As their relationship develops, what's interesting is the contrast between this deep, dark, rather forbidden attraction for this slightly older woman in Regine and his light, innocent, quite chaste relationship with Alex." Wallace concluded.

A number of elaborate sets were built for the chance a dramatic showdown in the hotel housing Regine's coffin, which lies in a pit beneath an elevator shaft. The action starts in the shaft and culminates in the penthouse of the hotel. "We built one upright shaft, one on its side and one on a forty-five degree angle. To actually shoot a real elevator shaft would be technically next to impossible, not to mention the limitations that would be placed on your angle framing. We needed a set that can feature an actor dangling like a fly on a lamp and stores up," revealed Wallace. "We also used several miniature in the shooting of the scene."

We've all seen the original *Dracula* movies and you have to go a bit further to excite than just having fangs.

The visual effects coordinator was Gene Warren Jr. (Greenline, *The Terminator* and *Nightflyers*) of Fantasy II productions. He is the son of special effects wizard Gene Warren, who won an Oscar for *The Time Machine*. Special effects were handled by Rick Jacobson (Cape, *Runaway Train*) and Greg Cannom (*Lost Boys*). *Fright Night-Part 2* is produced by Herb Jaffe and Mort Engelberg for the Vista Organization.

"Fans whose senses of humor were nudged by *Fright Night* will be more happy with *Part 2*," and Wallace. "I was very conscious of the first film and I wanted to make a companion piece that was not next to it very comfortably on the shelf." □

Warlock

Continued from page 18

Since this is a time-travel story (Twedy likened it to *The Time Machine* and *Time After Time*, though

which are in Los Angeles, Colorado and Boston). After he learns of his mission, he kisses her and pushes her off her chair, whereupon she shatters like glass. It's a marvelous effect. I think it's the scene people will talk about."



Giles prepares to battle the warlock.

with a different payoff, the exorcism doesn't take place as planned. Satan reaches down into the seventeenth century and plucks the Warlock away, sucking him up into hellish demonic winds that deposit him in 1948 Los Angeles. Redfern grabs him at the moment of deposition and he, too, is swept into the future. (As Twedy jokingly said, "Giles is prepared to follow the warlock into hell itself. He may be ready for hell, but is he ready for the twentieth century?")

At this point, the warlock isn't quite sure why he has been sent into the future. Things become clearer when he meets a two-bit psychic channeler, played by Merry Waroner of *Setting Sunset* fame. "She's what I call a 'Californicated' version of the gypsy fortune teller," explained Twedy. "She thinks she has established contact with a father figure, but she ends up channeling a real spirit—Satan. She's inhabited by him (Satan) and frozen solid from the inside out. That's when the warlock finds out that he's been hand-picked by Satan to collect the three thirds of Grand Grimoire, pieces of

Reducing the channeler to a pile of glittering shards doesn't mean the Warlock is finished with her. He must then stoop on her remains in order to get "the Eyes of Satan" out of the tissue surrounding her breasts. These eyes, which the Warlock literally holds in his hand, turn in the direction he is supposed to continue, so that he's able to pinpoint where the first 333 pages of the book are located. As fate would have it, the first third is hidden inside an altar table in a house owned by an antique dealer named Chas, who submits to Kasandra.

Not only does the warlock find what he's after, but he murders Chas, first cutting off his finger in order to obtain a ring he fancies. He has a different punishment in mind for Kasandra. "The warlock always strikes his prey at its most vulnerable point," Muner explained. "He could just kill you, but he delights into doing it viciously. Because Kasandra is a nun, pretty young girl, he decides to curse her with death by old age. Why? Out of spite, probably; he's as bad as they come."

With each third of the Grand Grimoire that the warlock collects, his magic powers increase—and so do the dazzling special effects. Beyond the bits of lore that indicate when a warlock is in the vicinity—a flame will burn blue in his presence, milk and cream will curdle and horses will sweat in their stalls—the warlock has the ability to manufacture ectoplasm and hurl it at adversaries, much in the manner of an energy bolt. He also flies—a combination of blue screen, wire work (again by Ken Pepoi) and mechanical effects. "There were very few references to broomsticks in my research," quipped Twedy.

The warlock has a recipe for a flying potion, which he manufactures in gaudy fashion at one point in the film. Twedy indicated, "He hovers three feet off the ground in an upright position, turned sideways to reduce air friction. The way it's being done is not unlike those tire commercials that use profusion to make it appear that someone is driving without a car. Ultimately he embraces the twentieth century and gets on an airplane, though not without some resistance; remember, anyone who flew in his day was put to death as a witch."

The warlock's ability to fly gave Twedy an idea for an unprecedented gag. "When we first see him fly, we see him through the POV of a highway patrol officer who's pulled off to the side of the road in the Arizona desert in the dead of night. The patrolman hears his radar detector go off, but he doesn't see any car approaching. The detector goes from 80 to 90 mph—still no headlights. Finally, he turns his headlights on. There, caught for a split second in the path of the headlights, is the warlock, just screaming by."

"I think of Warlock as my first feature film," said Twedy. *Craters* if was work for hire, as opposed to an original screenplay. I only did the first two drafts on *Craters* before I had a falling out creatively with New Line. Then Mick Garria, the director, came in and did two subsequent drafts on his own. *Craters* is not a film I'm prepared to take either credit or responsibility for. Warlock is my baby." □

Naschy

Continued from page 19

cut turned out to be a box office smash, I found the money and made the movie."

HF: Are the scenes of sex and violence in your movies really necessary to the plot?

NASCHY: I think that a horror film has to reflect some aspects of reality. I just have to look around to see sex and violence in the streets, everywhere. They are important because they show us the real face of life. If I shoot a werewolf movie, how am I going to rule out violent situations? The werewolf is a character who kills and destroys, so he must be wild. The same thing happens with sex.

HF: Doesn't implication have more impact than explicit presentation?

NASCHY: Well, maybe, but the power of suggestion seems to be obsolete. Nowadays the more successful movies don't back away from anything. As an example, *The Hitchhiker* is a pretty violent movie, there's an explicit scene where Eddie (Robert Picardo), in transformation as a werewolf, plucks out a bullet that is lodged in his head. It's graphic, but it certainly makes an impression on the audience! Now, would that scene have succeeded through implication? The audience needs to see things that are effectively associated with good special effects. *The Head of the Devil*, a marvelous film and one of my favorites, also succeeds (as a result of its violent scenes).

HF: How have you used special effects in your movies?

NASCHY: The special effects are all designed by a make-up artist with whom I always work. Because of the cost, my films have never depended on great effects...

HF: Any truth to the rumor that you used a real corpse in *Hunchback of The Morgue*?

NASCHY: Yes, there is. It was all ironic. When we were shooting a scene in a real mortuary, we came across an unidentified corpse... you know, a corpse that was not



The Hunchback of The Morgue

claimed. Well, the coroner gave us permission to use it and, of course, the director asked me whether or not I was squeamish. It was a difficult thing to do, but once you start doing it you forget everything else.

HF: You mean the scene where you hit the cadaver with a shovel?

NASCHY: No, just the scene when I began to cut his head, and I'm referring only to the first cutting. I didn't have the heart to carry on, although the director kept on shooting!

HF: Were you actually attacked by rats for a scene in the same movie?

NASCHY: Yes, it was funny. The rats were quite dangerous. They had not been fed for three days, so they were very hungry. When we shot that scene, one of them bit me!

Thank God, the rats were immunized against disease.

HF: How did you make the move from acting and writing to directing?

NASCHY: I was forced by financial circumstances. In Spain, there has never been a tradition to acknowledge, and sustain the work, of an actor who specializes in the Fantasy Cinema. For me, it was not so important to direct a movie, maybe if I hadn't had that need for production finances, I would not have been obligated to direct. This business is rather hard.

HF: Do you personally earn money with your movies?

NASCHY: Yeah, but the profits are always higher abroad. In Spain, there is less interest. *The Werewolf* or *The Vampire Woman* was a blockbuster in Europe and yet, in spite of this success, the follow up film (*The Fury of The Wolfman*) was

not as financially successful, nevertheless, it's a good movie.

HF: What's your next film project?

NASCHY: I'm working on a good one called *Managers of The Demons*. The scenario involves a Devil who heard that someone Satan...

Manuel was invited on location of *The Head of The Devil*, Paul Naschy's latest project. The genre's eminent "Scream Queen," Caroline Munro, co-stars with director/ screenwriter Naschy and a profusion of movie monsters. □

Credits include: *Frankenstein's Bloody Terror* (1971); original Spanish release, 1967; *Nights Of The Werewolf* (1968), *Assignment Terror* (1974), "Dr. Jekyll And The Werewolf" (a.k.a. *Dr. Jekyll and The Wolfman*, 1971), *Jack The Ripper* (a.k.a. *Jack The Mangler Of London*, 1971), "The Hanging Woman" (1971), "Vengeance Of The Zombie" (1972), "Dracula's Great Love" (1973), "The Hunchback Of The Morgue" (1973), "Horror Runs From The Tomb" (1973), "The Vengeance Of The Mummy" (1973), *The Return Of Walpurgis* (a.k.a. *Curse Of The Devil*, a.k.a. *The Black Harvest Of Countess Dracula*, 1973), "Exorcism" (1974), *The People Who Own The Dark* (1975), *Nights Of The Howling Beast* (a.k.a. *The Werewolf And The Yeti*, 1975), "The House Of Psychotic Women" (1976), *The Return Of The Wolfman* (1980), *Monster Island* (1980), "Human Bonita" (1980), *The Beast And The Magic Sword* (1982), *London De Hades* (1983), *Head Of The Devil* (1988).

* Translated by David J. Skal

* Prompted by the success of *The Execution*, the "film vs. print" process was made within one year by two Spanish productions: *Exorcism* and the *Exorcism* (1975) release title *Exorcism*. *Head Of The Devil*, the latter film, made its debut only six weeks before the premiere of Naschy's movie.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

By Bruce Schoengood

Question: How do you go about filling up a magazine which covers a big part of the film and video industry? **Answer:** With a lot of help from a lot of people. *Horrorfan* was my passion. I fought for it, got it, and always tried to maintain a standard of excellence. Everyone involved shared this passion and I am grateful.

Thinking it would be a luxury cruise, Blake Gervard unknowingly signed up for a tour of duty. He helped shape me into an editor and injected his fervor for excellence into the magazine. *Horrorfan* would not have gotten done with out him. Our most valuable contributor, Bill George, is locked up (somewhere in America) with a phone, a computer and 12 posters of Monique Gabrielle. Thank you for so generously sharing your valuable photos with us Bill, I will haven't opened all your letters. By the way, who is Monique Gabrielle? I spent 4,000 hours on the phone with you and all I wanted to know was your up-code. Keeping us up on L.A. activities: Kyle Counts. If all my writers were as talented, I wouldn't need a managing editor. Thank you for your dedication and good work. Gary, you helped get me going—thanks. To the GCR bunch: Rita T., Tommy A., Florine M., Linda F., Irwin L. and Sandi R.—gracias.

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FUTURE SHOCKS

Stephen King's *PET SEMATARY* is finally coming to the silver screen. Mary Lambert directs and Kevin Yagher is on board to do the effects. Don't bug out—Chris Walas' *FLY II* is coming. Look for Stephen Traizler's *THE MAN WHO BECAME DRACULA*. Stephen Spielberg and Harrison Ford team up again for the third installment of *INDIANA JONES*—we will take a peek. Back together where they belong—producer Gale Ann Hurd and director James Cameron team up for *THE ABYSS*. We'll have our usual, huge array of previews, reviews, retros and interviews. Look for *Horrorfan* early next year on the newsstands.



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